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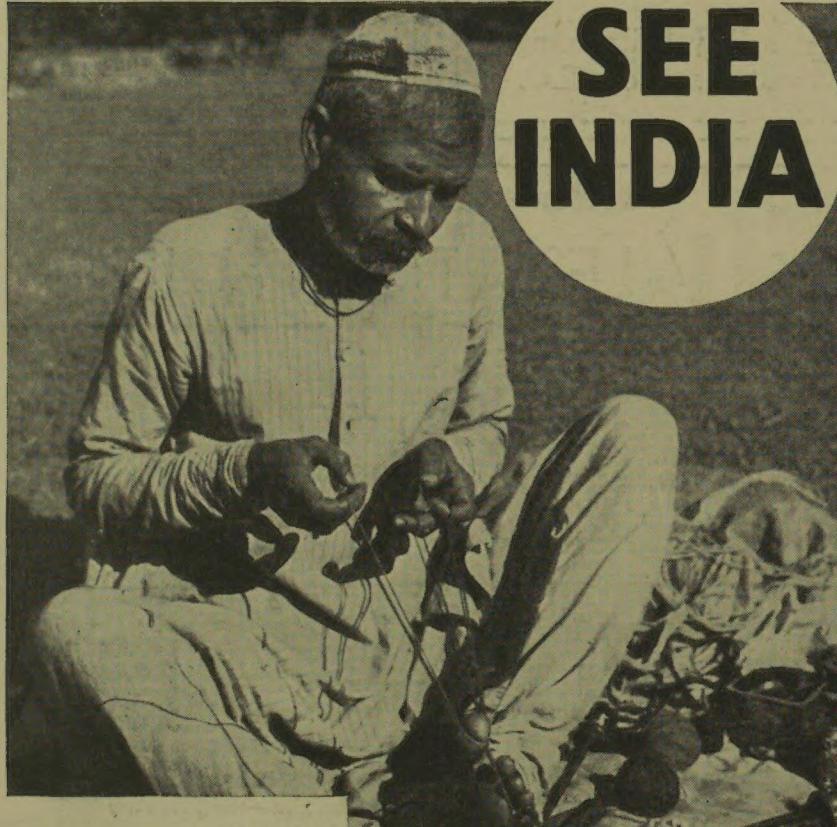
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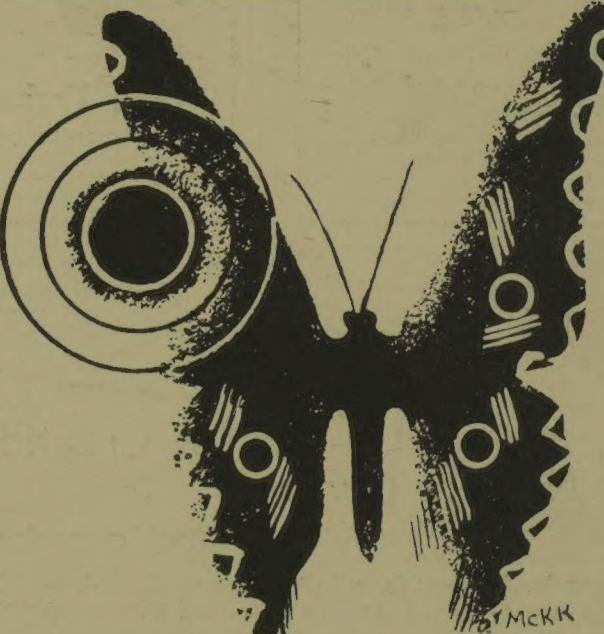
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1935.



THE CAR OF TRAGEDY.

This illustration shows King Leopold's wrecked car lying among reeds at the edge of Lake Lucerne, into which it plunged in the last phase of the tragic accident in which the young Queen of the Belgians was killed on August 29. King Leopold, with the Queen beside him, was driving his two-seater along the winding road beside the Lake of Lucerne, when, about a mile from Küssnacht, the right wheels mounted the concrete border of the footpath. The King apparently lost control of the car, which turned to the right

down a steep embankment, and struck a tree, against which the Queen was violently thrown. Then it struck another tree, and eventually fell into the shallow water at the edge of the lake some 12 ft. below. The Queen, whose skull was fractured, died soon after in the King's arms. The King had been thrown out when the car struck the second tree, with a fractured rib and injuries to his head and one arm. Next day the car was raised from the lake and taken to Küssnacht for examination.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I FEEL impelled to offer a prize for anyone who may happen to agree with me about which is the maddest word in the following mad collection of words. I take them, as they stand, from a newspaper paragraph:

"The R. Country Club is the first organisation officially to recognise the existence of the 'golf widow.'

"They have advertised for 'titled Europeans' to entertain the wives while the husbands are out trying to beat bogey. They seek 15 to 20 noblemen who can dance, play bridge, and ride horses. Their pay will depend on whether they prefer to accept gratuities or work on a straight salary basis."

Now normally, when we read a passage of that sort, we know where we are. We are in a certain environment, said by some to be a greatly improved environment, under conditions essentially scientific and now possibly more humane; with sports and dances provided, it is said, for most of us. Good morning. Are you made of glass, like me? No, of course not, you are the man who is Queen Victoria. Do you think you are a poached egg? A thousand pardons, I always mix him up with the man who thinks he is God. Do I see that man over there who is quite mad and imagines he is Julius Cæsar? How absurd, when you yourself are obviously Julius Cæsar? A little individualistic, this atmosphere, and lacking in complete coherence and comradeship, for the purpose of any co-operative social action; but capable of being covered with a certain measure of courtesy and compromise. In short, the quotation I have just made from a real newspaper ought obviously never to have come from any newspaper except a *Bedlam Bulletin* or a *Colney Hatch Chronicle*.

But that, upon which we shall all naturally agree, still leaves undetermined the detail in which I am specially interested; because it involves a real investigation about where this sort of social insanity begins. And when I ask which are the very maddest words in that mad creed, I mean to ask what is the fundamental formula from which all this social insanity proceeds? Whereabouts in that crazy patch of experience is the real seed of such craziness? I need not dwell on the incidental ironies of such a farce. I know not which of the golf widows' guests will be the more tragic and comic; the many noblemen who will be ardent and romantic and will not be noblemen at all, or the few bitter and cynical noblemen who might conceivably take on even that job, after being found too lazy to be gigolos or too unscrupulous to be gangsters. But there is a notion at the back of all this nonsense; and it is almost always unconsciously exhibited in the first few words. If any thinking person wants to know what is the lapse in thought that makes all this sort of thing possible, I think I can tell them. The maddest words in the mad paragraph are simply these: that the Club "is the *first* organisation officially to recognise the existence of the golf widow."

If somebody prints somewhere, "Mr. G. K. Chesterton was the first to amuse the maiden aunts in Bath by painting his nose green and putting his head in at the parlour window to shout 'Bally-hooley!'" it would hardly seem probable that Mr. G. K. Chesterton would gain any great glory in

the annals of mankind by being the *first* to do this. The normal comment of mankind, we should imagine, would be, "Certainly he was the first, and presumably, let us hope, the last." If a haughty and swaggering person presents himself for public office, or for private employment, saying proudly, "I was the *first* who ever attended a Royal Garden-Party wearing my boots on my hands and my gloves on my feet," there will be but little admiration of his undoubted originality; merely because most people will not desire such an originality to become an origin. The phrase he uses

most cases, ever hears any more, or wants to hear any more. So that it is enough for newspaper opinion, instead of saying simply that a particular club had made a fool of itself in this particular way, to say with great impressiveness that it was the *first* to make a fool of itself in this particular way. There lies behind the casual phrase a whole philosophy of illusion about innovation. Any incident which healthier ages would have laughed at as an isolated incident, which they would have charitably attributed to a man being drunk, or going mad, or having made some monstrously indefensible bet, may now be described as if it were a promising improvement opening the way to new social customs and conveniences. Instead of saying that some rich and empty-headed American woman may have been bored while her husband was golfing, and might have been so bored as to talk to any nobleman from nowhere, we are gravely asked in a printed proclamation to regard this as a revolution in domestic and social life; and see it as a sort of vista opening before us into a happier future. The mere word "first" is alone enough to imply a whole Utopia of imbeciles; a social paradise in which a foreign nobleman shall be permanently attached to the household of a golfing husband. There are reconstructions of marriage even more half-witted that are discussed quite seriously as social expedients to-day.

In other words, the trail of the stale progressive tradition makes it practically impossible now to consider any proposal on its merits. I do not mean, of course, that we should consider the golf widow and her foreign nobleman on their merits; for they obviously never had any merits. But I mean that the value of anything, the question of whether it is or is not good in itself, is now hopelessly confused by the fuss about the man who was the first to find it. Even in the cases where some active virtues are really involved, this is a totally unreasonable test. The question of whether a mine can really be relied on for so much gold ought to be considered apart from the courage and pertinacity of the miner. We do not need to be told that the miner is probably much more of a man than the mine-owner. But even a mine-owner has his rights, and he has the rights to consider on its own merits the question of what there really is in the mine. The man who first found the North Pole did his job heroically; but it was not his job to decide finally what is the exact scientific and social value of finding the North Pole at all. If this is clear, even in cases



A ROYAL FIGURE ON WHOM WORLD-WIDE SYMPATHY IS CONCENTRATED: THE BEREAVED KING OF THE BELGIANS, LEOPOLD III., WHO WAS MOTORING WITH QUEEN ASTRID NEAR LUCERNE WHEN THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED THAT CAUSED HER DEATH.

The tragic misfortunes of the King of the Belgians have aroused world-wide sympathy. It was only in February of last year that his father, King Albert, lost his life in a climbing accident, and now, in a motoring accident in which he himself was injured, he has lost his well-beloved young Consort, Queen Astrid. The circumstances of her death are briefly recalled on our front page. King Leopold III. was born at Brussels on November 3, 1901, and succeeded to the throne on his father's death. As Duke of Brabant, he married Princess Astrid of Sweden in 1926. They travelled widely together, visiting in 1928 the Dutch East Indies, and in 1932 French Indo-China, Siam, and Ceylon, and, later in the year, the Belgian Congo and Uganda. Last March they paid a private visit to England, and only a week or two ago they made some ascents in the Dolomites, which King Albert used to visit annually.

implies that he will be followed by a procession of imitators; and neither organisers of the garden-party, nor the guests, nor any human being under the sun, wishes to see a long trail of gloved feet passing perpetually across the garden. But certain sunken subconscious prejudices in the modern mind, mostly connected with what is now the stale philosophy of Progress, have led people to attach an idiotic importance to being the *first* to do anything, not only without reference to whether it is worth doing, but even without reference to whether it is ever likely to be done again.

The world is full of any number of false starts, which are not even stunts except at the moment when they start; and of which nobody, in

where great credit does attach to the practical innovators, it is a thousand times more obvious touching the nonsensical novelties that are now flying about the world like a rubbish-heap in a high wind. Having nothing else defensible about them, they all depend upon that one magic word *first*. The men of the future are all very Ancient Mariners, who are always bragging that "we were the *first* that ever burst into that silent sea." But they entirely shirk the question of what was the exact value of bursting into it; since it involved nothing but despair and thirst and men falling down dead, and slimy things that crawled with legs upon the slimy sea. There are a good many slimy things among the novelties now presented for our admiration; and much of such new vitality is the life rather of maggots than of men.

THE "QUEEN OF MOTHERS" WHOM BELGIUM MOURNS: A PATHETIC GROUP.



THE LATE QUEEN ASTRID OF THE BELGIANS, WITH HER CHILDREN: A POIGNANT RECORD OF FORMER HAPPINESS.

Queen Astrid's tragic death has plunged Belgium into mourning. The third daughter of Prince Charles, Duke of Västergötland, brother of the King of Sweden, her marriage to the heir to the Belgian throne, in 1926, evoked great enthusiasm in both Sweden and Belgium. She was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1930. She took a special interest in hospitals and crèches for children. Her first child, Princess Josephine, was born in 1927; Prince

Baudouin in 1930; and Albert, Prince of Liège, last year. Queen Astrid, with her three happy, healthy children, to whom she gave her close personal attention, was known in Belgium as the "Queen of Mothers." King Leopold, it was reported, could not bear to tell the children the terrible news of their mother's death himself; and so this painful task was undertaken by the Countess du Roy de Blicquy, who was Maid-of-Honour to the Queen.

QUEEN ASTRID'S DEATH: THE FATAL SPOT; AND THE WRECKED CAR.



SHOWING THE POST TO WHICH VILLAGERS TIED BUNCHES OF FLOWERS, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE QUEEN ASTRID WAS KILLED: THE SLOPE DOWN WHICH THE CAR PLUNGED.



SALVAGING KING LEOPOLD'S WRECKED CAR FROM THE WATER'S EDGE IN LAKE LUCERNE, INTO WHICH IT HAD FALLEN: THE WORK IN PROGRESS, WITH A GROUP OF SPECTATORS.



THE WRECKED CAR READY TO BE RAISED FROM THE WATER: ANOTHER PHASE OF THE SALVAGE WORK, WITH THE AID OF A PONTOON.



BEARING SIGNS OF THE VIOLENCE WITH WHICH IT HAD CRASHED AGAINST TREES IN ITS DESCENT TO THE LAKE: KING LEOPOLD'S WRECKED CAR PLACED IN A GARAGE FOR EXAMINATION.



AT THE SPOT (COVERED WITH WREATHS AROUND A CROSS) WHERE QUEEN ASTRID DIED: THE PRIEST WHO ADMINISTERED EXTREME UNCTION IN HER LAST MOMENTS.



THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF QUEEN ASTRID'S DEATH: THE FATAL TREE AGAINST WHICH SHE WAS VIOLENTLY THROWN, FRACTURING HER SKULL, AS THE CAR DESCENDED THE SLOPE.

The accident in which Queen Astrid was killed happened about twelve miles from Lucerne, as the car, with King Leopold at the wheel, approached the village of Küssnacht. According to a statement which he was reported to have made afterwards, the Queen was examining a map and asked him a question: he leaned towards her, and at that moment the car mounted the kerb. It then swerved and plunged

down a grass slope into the lake, crashing into two trees on the way. Queen Astrid was thrown out when it struck the first tree, fracturing her skull against the trunk. Later, the King was flung through the wind-screen. The Queen died in his arms within twenty minutes. Meanwhile, the Curé of Küssnacht had been summoned and administered the last sacrament. Villagers tied flowers to a post near the spot.

QUEEN ASTRID'S DEATH: HER LAST HOMECOMING AND LYING-IN-STATE.



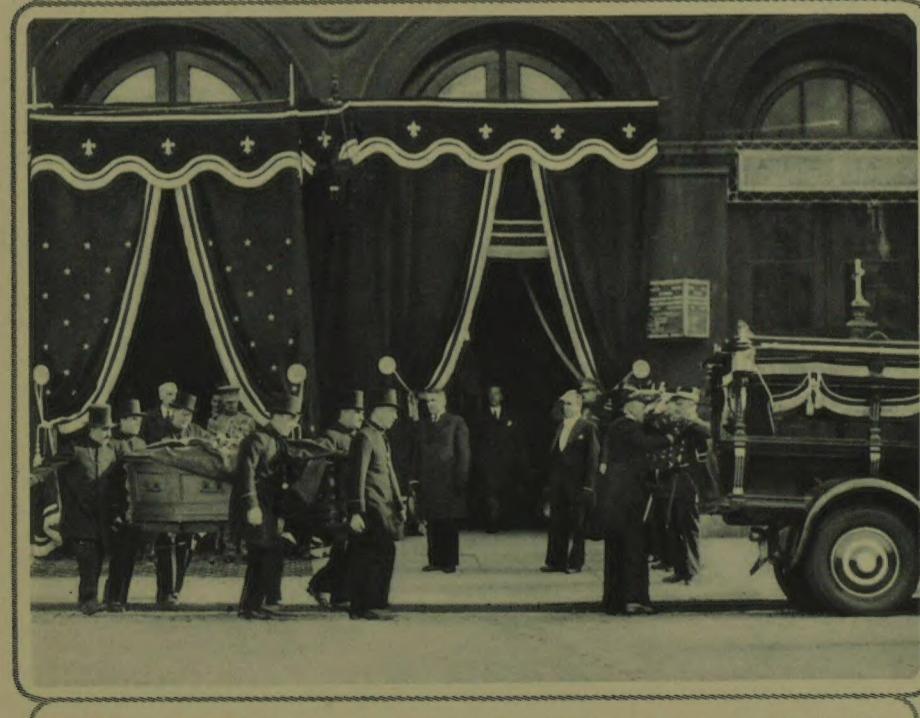
STILL BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH: THE BODY OF QUEEN ASTRID, WITH BANDAGES ON THE INJURED PART OF HER HEAD, LAID OUT FOR HER LYING-IN-STATE AT BRUSSELS.



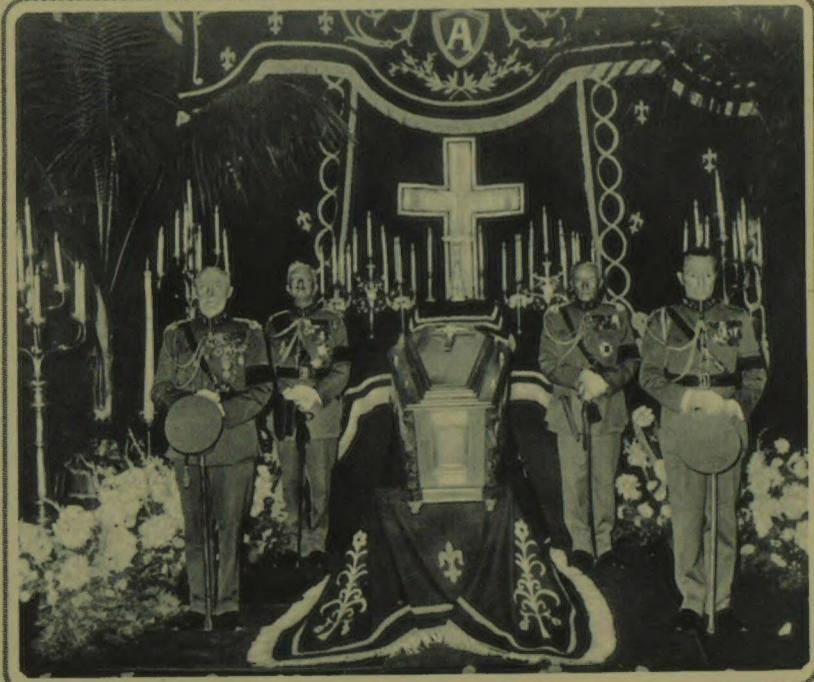
THE YOUNG QUEEN'S BEREAVED PARENTS ARRIVE IN BRUSSELS: PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS INGEBORG OF SWEDEN, WITH THEIR SON, PRINCE CHARLES, LEAVING THE GARE DU NORD.



THE TRAGIC HOMECOMING OF QUEEN ASTRID OF THE BELGIANS: THE ARRIVAL IN BRUSSELS OF THE TRAIN THAT BROUGHT HER BODY FROM SWITZERLAND—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AT THE GARE DU NORD AS THE COFFIN WAS LIFTED OUT FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE PALACE.



OUTSIDE THE STATION AT BRUSSELS, WHICH WAS HEAVILY DRAPED WITH MOURNING: THE COFFIN CONTAINING QUEEN ASTRID'S BODY BEING CONVEYED BY BEARERS TO A FUNERAL CARRIAGE.



GUARDED BY FOUR GENERALS OF THE BELGIAN ARMY, WITH THEIR HANDS RESTING ON THEIR SWORDS: THE COFFIN OF QUEEN ASTRID PLACED IN THE CHAPEL ARDENTE AT THE PALACE IN BRUSSELS.

The body of Queen Astrid was brought back from Lucerne to Brussels by train, which arrived at the Gare du Nord at 8.40 a.m. on August 30. King Leopold, who had travelled in a carriage following the funeral wagon, left the train at the Quartier Leopold Station and drove to the Palace by car. At the Gare du Nord, which was hung with mourning draperies, were assembled the Presidents of the Chamber and

Senate, the Burgomaster of Brussels, and members of the Government, with other dignitaries. The coffin was then placed on a funeral carriage, and, escorted by troops, was driven to the Palace, where it was received by the King, and was afterwards laid in the Salle du Penseur. At 4 p.m. the public were admitted, and from that time onward thousands filed past the coffin to offer a last tribute of respect.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SOME UNFAMILIAR ASPECTS OF THE PARTRIDGE.

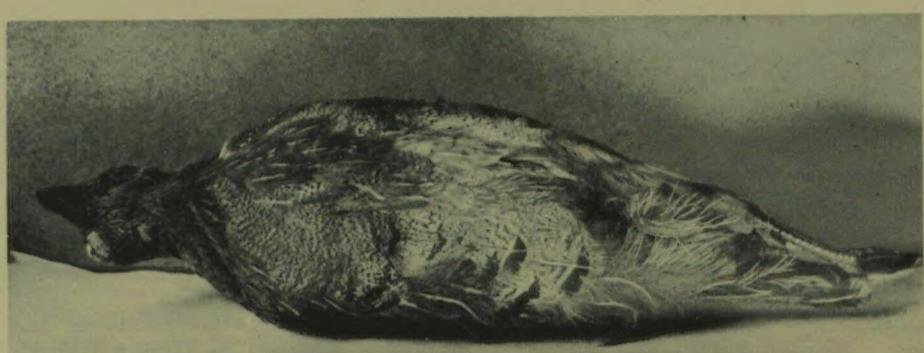
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

TO the field-sportsmen Sept. 1 is probably an even greater day than Aug. 12. Though I have but seldom had the good fortune to enjoy its thrills, the memories of these days rise up, unbidden, as the time draws near. And they have set me thinking, just now, of some aspects of "the little grey bird" the sportsman seems not to have discovered, probably because he has always concentrated his attention on the strictly "sportsman's" point of view. He seems, indeed, to have given but little thought to what we may call the "Natural History" of the partridge, from the egg to the adult. Yet this presents problems enough to last a life-time.

Let me confine myself, to-day, to the matter of its plumage. Now, some may ask, "What can be said on this theme that is not already known?" As a matter of fact, there is a great deal to be said, beginning with the downy chick and ending with the adult. I have a goodly number of books on British birds, but in one only do I find any mention of this first stage of development. And this is confined to the statement that the chick has "buffish-brown down, spotted and striped with black." "Spotted and striped." What is the number and distri-

order of its appearance or of its displacement by the succeeding adult dress.

Photographs may well indicate the pattern of any given plumage, but they fail to record its coloration. Even three-colour photography is only partially successful in this regard. Relying on pattern alone, it will be seen, in the



A YOUNG FEMALE PARTRIDGE STILL PARTLY IN HER JUVENILE PLUMAGE: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GREYISH-BROWN FEATHERS WITH PALE SHAFT-STREAKS ON THE HEAD, NECK, AND FORE-PART OF THE BREAST; SIMILAR FEATHERS ON THE FLANKS; AND SOME LOWER-FLANK FEATHERS OF ADULT TYPE WITH CHESTNUT BARS NEAR THEIR TIPS.

adjoining photograph of a female partridge in the course of changing from the juvenile to the adult dress, that the adult feathers are appearing first on the flanks and the sides of the fore-part of the breast. The head, neck, and back, with the exception of the tail, are all of the juvenile plumage.

The most conspicuous feature of this is the presence of pale, yellowish streaks, which mark the shaft or "mid-rib" of the feathers, and they stand in contrast with a background of greyish-brown. The throat and centre of the fore-part of the breast are of this greyish-brown, streaked hue, and the upper border of the flanks also still retains the shaft-streaked feathers, and the streaks here are very pronounced. The rest of the flank feathers are of the typical adult coloration—pale grey, marked with darker vermiculations and crossed by bars of chestnut. The head retains the juvenile plumage to the very last.

Two of the greatest authorities of their time on the game-birds—J. G. Millais and W. R. Ogilvie Grant, now, unhappily no longer with us—make no mention of this juvenile plumage; and you will probably look in vain for it elsewhere. I do not claim, however, to have exhausted every possible source of information on this theme. Ten volumes describing the plumage of British birds are on my shelves, and there are among them the "classics" on this theme.

But after all, some may say this is surely a matter of very trivial importance. One's interest in the partridge can hardly be expected to begin till Sept. 1. That is a mistake. If that interest were sustained the year round, it would beget a gathering intensity and bring in its train



THE BEARDED PARTRIDGE (*PERDIX DAURICA*): FOUND IN N.E. AND CENTRAL ASIA: A BIRD WHICH DIFFERS FROM THAT FOUND IN THIS COUNTRY IN HAVING ELONGATED FEATHERS ON THE THROAT, PALER COLORATION, AND A BLACK HORSESHOE ON THE BREAST.

partridge, which, for a short space in early summer, moult the feathers of the head and replace them by drab-hued feathers resembling those of the female. This is the only trace left of a once complete change into a "winter-plumage."

Wherever we find two plumages, one dull of hue, worn during the autumn and winter, and one of resplendent type, worn during the spring and summer, we may safely regard the former as representing the ancestral plumage common to the race. The spring dress, known as the "breeding plumage," has come into being in certain species, like the ruff and the golden plover, owing to some mysterious activities of the "hormones"—substances set free by the reproductive organs, which not only cause a spring-moult, but endow the new feathers with the splendours peculiar to their species. Only some of the plover tribe are thus transformed. The curlew, for example, has no "nuptial" dress. And there are some species which have attained to a permanent resplendent plumage worn by both sexes, the young as well as the adult, as in the Kingfisher.

How long it has taken for the partridge to evolve the chaste beauty which characterises the genus *Perdix* we do not know. But fossil remains of a species of partridge have been found in the Middle Miocene of France. Hence Piltdown Man, of late Miocene or early Pleistocene times, may well have snared partridges for his evening meal. But the genus *Perdix* contains only four species. That which affords the strongest contrast with our bird is *Perdix daurica*. It is as large as our bird, but greyer and has a black horseshoe and elongated throat-feathers; hence it is known as the "bearded partridge." Furthermore, the nut-brown colour of the throat passes down the neck and breast, partly encircling the black horseshoe.

Our own bird shows many gradations in intensity of coloration, which varies in different parts of England and Scotland. But now and again a very striking variation turns up, which was first supposed to be a distinct species. This is the "Mountain Partridge"; wherein the beautiful grey-vermiculated breast feathers are replaced by an almost mahogany-red, while the head and

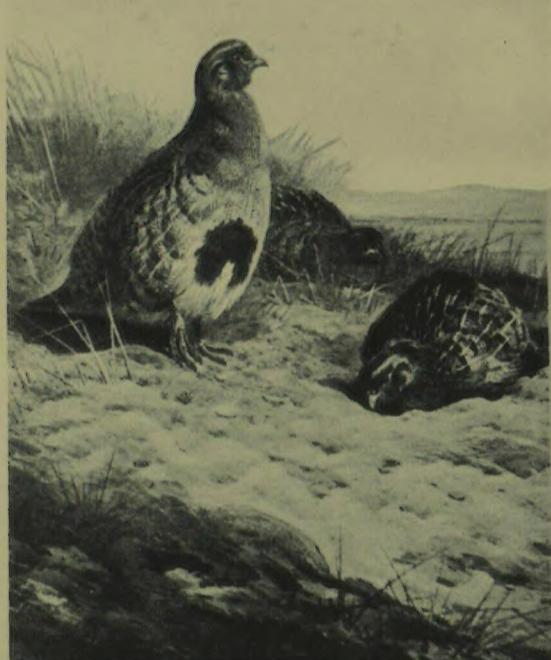


THE SO-CALLED "MOUNTAIN PARTRIDGE": A SPORADIC VARIATION OF THE COMMON PARTRIDGE, WITH HEAD AND NECK OF A DULL RED, AND THE REMAINDER OF THE PLUMAGE DARK CHESTNUT WITH A FEW INDISTINCT BARS AND MARKINGS; ONCE DESCRIBED AS A DISTINCT SPECIES.

Reproduced from "Lloyd's Natural History"; by Courtesy of United Newspapers.

new light not merely on the life history of this bird, but indirectly on all other species of our native game-birds.

neck are of a dull rust-red. Specimens having occurred sporadically both in England and the Continent, it is now regarded as a variation with a strong inclination towards melanism.



THE ADULT MALE AND FEMALE ENGLISH PARTRIDGE; SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC CHESTNUT HORSESHOE MARK ON THE BREAST.

It is commonly believed that the female partridge always lacks the characteristic horseshoe mark; but this is by no means true. Our illustration is reproduced from one of the fine illustrations executed by Thorburn, the well-known painter of birds, for Millais' "Natural History of English Game-Birds."

Reproduced from "Natural History of English Game-Birds," by Millais; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans Green and Co., and of the Artist. Copyright Reserved.

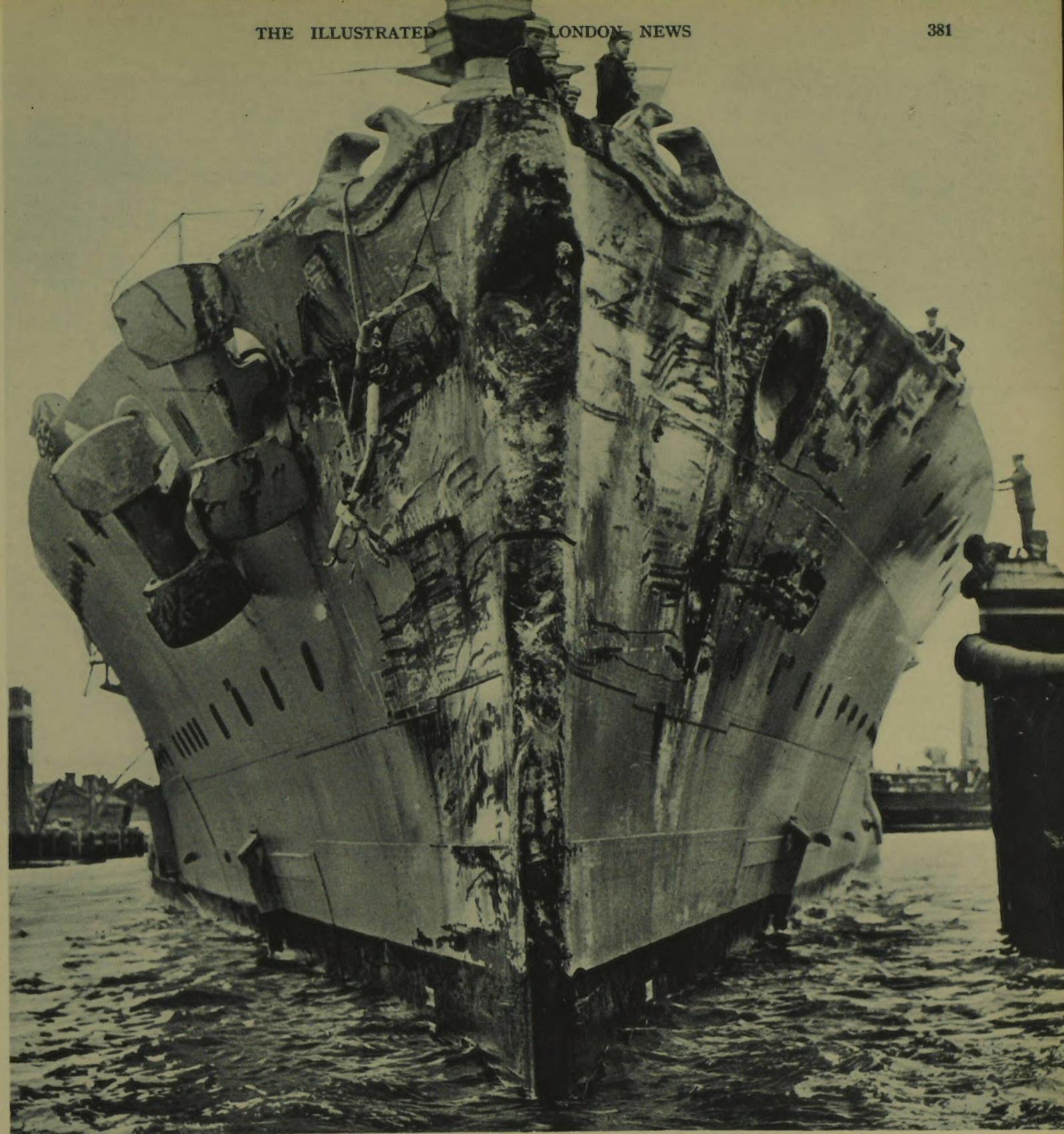
bution of the spots and stripes? This question is not asked out of mere pedantry. There are many "downy chicks" which are spotted and striped. But these markings in the game-birds have a very characteristic form, and they have a very definite reference to problems of descent, even when we confine them to relationships between the grouse, pheasant, and other game-birds. But besides its coloration the down of the chicks of game-birds presents many structural peculiarities, and these have a very intimate bearing on their ancestral history.

The "juvenile" plumage, which succeeds the down-covering, has been no less ignored. I can lay my hands, at the moment, on but one mention of it in the case of the partridge, and this is intended merely to summarise its general features and makes no comment, either on the

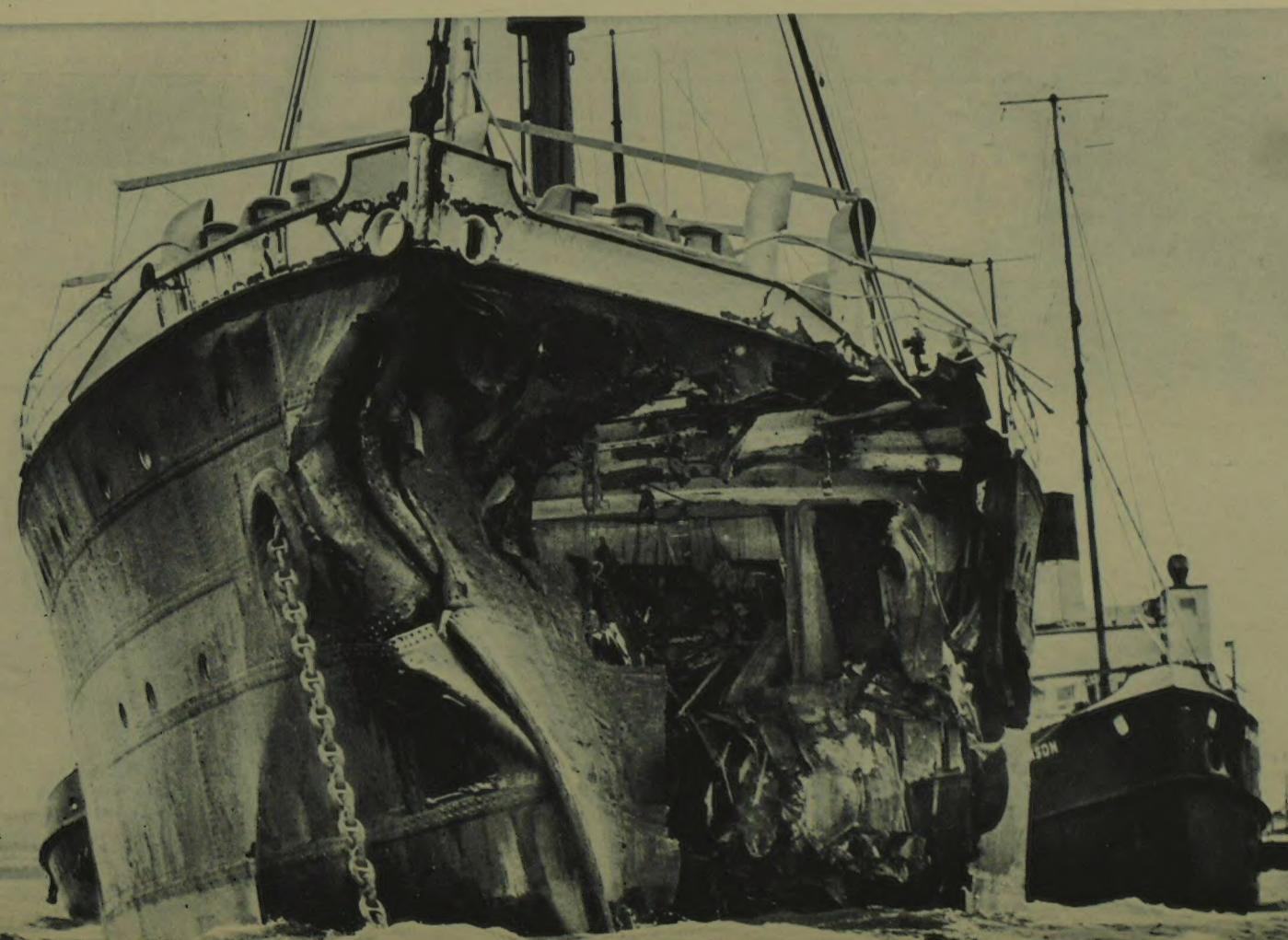
BATTLESHIP
AND STEAMER
IN COLLISION:
THE DAMAGED
"RAMILLIES"
AND
"EISENACH."

H.M.S. "RAMILLIES" and the Norddeutscher-Lloyd steamer "Eisenach" were in collision on Aug. 30 about six miles off Sandgate, in a strong wind of 40 m.p.h., and with heavy rain sweeping up the Channel, making visibility poor. The "Ramillies" was proceeding down-Channel at the time. Immediately after the impact the "Ramillies" kept her bows in the hole torn in the "Eisenach" to prevent the steamer sinking, and officers and crew of the "Eisenach" jumped aboard the battleship. When the vessels drew clear again, however, it was seen that there was no danger of the steamer sinking, and the majority of her officers and crew thereupon returned to her. The battleship signalled to Dover for the assistance of a tug, and kept her searchlights on the "Eisenach" for a number of hours, thus aiding the

[Continued on right.]



RIGHT: THE "RAMILLIES" AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH THE GERMAN STEAMER "EISENACH" OFF SANDGATE: A VIEW OF THE BATTLESHIP'S BOWS, DENTED AND SCORED, TAKEN AFTER SHE HAD PUT INTO PORTSMOUTH TO BE EXAMINED.



tug in her work. Other tugs had, however, to lend aid before the "Eisenach" could be got into Dover. The "Ramillies" arrived at Spithead on August 31, and landed the bodies of three firemen of the "Eisenach" who had been killed in the collision. Another member of the "Eisenach's" crew was reported missing. The bows of the battleship were damaged above the waterline, and she went into dry-dock to be examined. The "Eisenach" is a vessel of 4159 tons gross, built by the Vulkan Werke at Stettin in 1922. It was understood that she was bound from Braila to Hull when the mishap occurred.

LEFT: THE NORDDEUTSCHER-LLOYD STEAMER "EISENACH" AFTER BEING IN COLLISION WITH H.M.S. "RAMILLIES": A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HUGE HOLE IN THE VESSEL'S FORECASTLE, WHERE SOME SLEEPING MEMBERS OF HER CREW WERE KILLED.

THE HIDDEN LAND.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"ABYSSINIA ON THE EVE": By LADISLAS FARAGO.*
(PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM.)

THIS is a spirited and most informative book by a Hungarian journalist who has observed acutely and adventured gaily in what is now, to the public at large, the most interesting country in the world. It would be entertaining enough as a series of impressions of life in a kingdom which stands in a curious midway position between barbarism and civilisation, the past and the present; and, as a mere sightseer, the reader could find no better companion than Mr. Farago in Addis Ababa or in the primitive hinterland. But the reader will be more concerned to know something of the conditions likely to govern the conflict which now seems certain to embroil Abyssinia—and perhaps other parts of Africa.

Ethiopia is, to begin with, a medley of races, and its history has been one of bitter internece wars. The Amharas are the ruling caste, but it took them more than a thousand years to establish their supremacy. Below them in intelligence and initiative, but very numerous—they are estimated at four million—are the Gallas. The Guragis, probably descended from white slaves, are the menial caste. Smaller tribes are the Tigreans, Shankalis and Hararis, and a mysterious race of "black Jews," the Fallashas. At the bottom of the scale, but by no means negligible, are the Danakils and Somalis, still wholly primitive, treacherous, and irreconcilable to the white man. Many of these peoples live on a semi-feudal, semi-tribal basis, and most of their chiefs, whose powers have been gradually curtailed, are unsympathetic to the progressive policy of the Emperor. It need hardly be stated that this *olla podrida* of races is not easy to mobilise against an invader; on the other hand, all the different tribes seem to share in common a contempt for the foreigner and a passion for independence.

The country, though full of potential resources, is poor, and most of the inhabitants live at bare subsistence level. The almost universal eating of raw meat leads to an endemic prevalence of tapeworm, and an even more virulent disease is said to affect 90 per cent. of the population; on the other hand, a European doctor whom Mr. Farago saw at his heroic work testified that the Abyssinians had an extraordinary power of recuperation from wounds and injuries—they are not likely to need (said one observer) the Red Cross organisation which is now being formed! They will fight, with modern or with primitive arms (the sabre is the weapon in which they are most proficient), to the death. They are capable of enduring great hardships in country which is almost intolerable to Europeans, on account of heat, ruggedness, and lack of water. This last is the curse of the whole land; according to an Abyssinian legend, King Solomon observed to the Queen of Sheba: "Of what use are your gold, platinum, and diamonds when your country has no water?" Another factor of some importance is the rarefied air of the highlands, which makes exertion dangerous for those who are unaccustomed to it. This is felt even in Addis Ababa, which stands at a height of 8000 feet.

The Church is an extremely powerful institution, and the more settled parts of the country are grievously priest-ridden. The Abuna, or official head of the Ethiopian Church, is the second man in the State; curiously enough, he is, by custom, never an Abyssinian, but an Egyptian of the Coptic Church appointed by the Archbishop of Cairo. The ecclesiastical influence is important at the present juncture, because it is traditionally conservative, and therefore opposed to the Emperor's reforms. It has also shown a tendency, contrary to the Emperor's more cautious diplomacy, to incite the Government to a premature declaration of war. The considerable Moslem element of the population is a further possible cause of dissension in time of crisis.

What of the slaves, of whom we hear so much in current propaganda? Without in any way condoning the odious

institution of slavery, we sometimes need a reminder, such as the present writer gives us, that in backward societies we must approach such questions without too rigid pre-possessions. "I talked with slaves. They can still be met in Abyssinia, but they are in no way down-trodden pariahs. Slavery is a trade like a joiner's or a shoemaker's. It is an occupation in Abyssinia and the word loses here the horror that it stirs up in European minds. An Abyssinian's slave is of higher rank than his servant, for slaves have grown up for two or three generations with their masters, and it is not uncommon for a slave-owner to marry the daughter of one of his slaves, while her father remains under bondage. The slaves were happy then and did not want freedom. When the law of abolition was enforced in 1924 it perplexed both parties, but particularly the slaves who had been set free, for their liberation simply meant

has most creditably taken in hand, of educating the freed men and their children. These are complications which are not always reckoned with in the facile generalisations of some of our humanitarians.

All the contradictions of this paradoxical country are centred and symbolised in the person of the Emperor. Himself a usurper, bred in an atmosphere of intrigue and reactionary conservatism, and yet self-taught in aspirations towards enlightened government, he is confronted with a truly formidable problem. The entire administration devolves upon him: "The State is Haile Selassie I." The task is more than anybody short of an extraordinary genius could discharge. The Emperor works to the limit of his strength, but he "has to fight a triple enemy—the Church, the petty kings, and different Abyssinias.

One is an uncultivated, backward country, the Abyssinia of the past, that lives its life in the trackless bush ten or twelve thousand feet up; the other a modern Abyssinia personified by the Emperor. Nothing can happen without him; it would be true to say that he is the prime mover behind everything that takes place. He works for his country all the time, thinks and cares for its well-being, worries about, and is worried by its government." As represented here, he is a tragically lonely man; he is even estranged from his eldest son, who is unsympathetic to his father's reforming policy. Lacking both material resources and moral support, he seems to be burdened with a responsibility far beyond his powers.

With regard to Italy's aims in Abyssinia, Mr. Farago discusses several possible objectives. One goal may be the creation of a continuous Italian settlement in Africa by the union of Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. Another is perhaps the control of the Webi Shebeli river, which would make possible the irrigation of a large and potentially fertile area of North-East Africa. A deliberate challenge to British interests at Lake Tana Mr. Farago considers improbable. Over and above these material aims there is, of course, the motive of retribution for Adowa. Concerning the outcome of the struggle, if it comes, this observer wisely ventures no positive prophecy, but he is no believer in a short and decisive campaign. "The outcome of this war is quite as thickly enshrouded in mystery as its causes. Apart from the technical difficulties of a war in this country, which is suited for anything rather than fighting, a great deal depends on the soldiers themselves. Italy comes with a well-disciplined young army that has been brought up in Fascist environment. The commanding officers are experienced in colonial warfare, but the Black Shirts are not accustomed to Abyssinian conditions. They require regular meals and good beds at home. On account of the rarefied air in this country they will require more careful attention, and even then their efficiency will be considerably lower. On top of this they will have to fight against an enemy whose strategy is strange to them, and who will be able to take them by surprise. Too much is expected of these young men." Mr. Farago quotes the opinion of General Virgin, the Emperor's principal Swedish adviser, that air-power is likely to be of little avail in Abyssinian country. The first shock will probably come in the Province of Ogaden. Mr. Farago made a special journey—not without peril and adventure—to this district, and, according to his description, there can hardly be any more difficult terrain in the world. There is no water, and the ground is little better than desert, inhabited only by "fierce men and

wild beasts." "The temperature was 135 degrees and there were no trees or the slightest shade anywhere. It was getting on our nerves; our throats were dry and we felt terribly weak." In many parts, such vegetation as exists is high grass, likely to baffle the aim of machine-guns. The fierce tribes of the district bid fair to be elusive and harassing enemies; on the other hand, their allegiance to the Emperor is extremely precarious, and it is impossible to predict what part they will play in the early stages of the campaign. Never more than now was Ethiopia a land of darkness and mystery.



APPEALING TO ALL WOMEN TO PRAY FOR PEACE, BUT READY "TO EXHORT HER PEOPLE AGAINST THE INVADER": THE EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA (RIGHT), WHO HAS LATELY FASTED FOR SIXTEEN DAYS, WALKING WITH ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS, PRINCESS TSAHAI, IN THE PALACE GROUNDS AT ADDIS ABABA.

The Empress Waizeru Menen of Abyssinia was married to the Emperor in 1912, and has three sons and three daughters. She was recently reported to have said in an interview with Reuter representative: "For sixteen days I have fasted and prayed fervently for the peace of Ethiopia and of the world. I should like to appeal to women the world over to join in my prayer." She added, however, in resolute tones: "I pray for peace—but if, in spite of all our efforts, peace happens to be disturbed, I shall be the first to exhort my people against the invader. I shall do it as the august Empress Taitou did in her time." The Empress Taitou, it is recalled, was by the side of her husband, the Emperor Menelik, at the battle of Adowa in 1896, and headed a band of women who followed his soldiers on to the battlefield to encourage them during the fight. Two years ago the present Empress (as noted in our last issue under photographs of an old Abyssinian monastery in Jerusalem) founded a new monastery there beside the Jordan.

that, at a day's notice, they were homeless." Mr. Farago is of opinion that the Emperor has made an honest attempt to fulfil his undertakings to the League of Nations. The immediate result, however, was an acute problem of unemployment; the community was suddenly burdened with hundreds of thousands of unemployed to whom their former masters could not afford to pay wages, and who either reverted surreptitiously to slavery in their own country or fell a willing prey to the illicit Arabian slave-traffic. There was the further problem, which the Emperor



TYPICAL LION COUNTRY IN THE GIR FOREST, KATHIAWAR, THE ONLY REMAINING HAUNT OF LIONS IN INDIA: THORN AND SCRUB VERY SIMILAR TO THE LION COUNTRY OF EAST AFRICA.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE INDIAN LION: SPECIMENS FROM THE GIR FOREST, KATHIAWAR.



LION CUBS FROM THE GIR FOREST AT JUNAGADH, CAPITAL OF THE STATE IN WHICH THE FOREST IS SITUATED: A SPECIES NOT UNLIKE THAT WHICH FLOURISHES IN AFRICA.

THE statement of Admiral Dumas that he had seen a lion this year in the Bolan Pass, Baluchistan, aroused interest once more in the whole question of Asiatic lions, and an interesting correspondence followed in "The Times." Although the extermination of the lion in Persia has been thought to be either complete or imminent for some years, a few may remain in that part of Asia; but apart from that there is agreement that the Gir Forest, which occupies some five hundred square miles in the peninsula of Kathiawar, between Bombay and Karachi, is their only remaining stronghold in India. There may be about a hundred lions left there in all. They used to be found over a considerable part of Central and Western India, and the fact of their disappearance outside Kathiawar, where

[Continued opposite.]



A LION IN THE GIR FOREST, WHERE THE DISPUTE OVER THE OWNERSHIP OF LIONS HAS NOW BEEN SETTLED: A SPECIMEN WHICH WAS SHOT AND PRESENTED TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

they are protected, is ascribed to the increasing use of firearms, with the lion's own habits as a contributory cause. He is described as being more noisy and more gregarious than the tiger, and to have less dislike of comparatively open country. Also, there is no rivalry from tigers in Kathiawar. It was recently reported from Bombay that the long-standing dispute between the Nawab of Junagadh (where the Gir Forest is situated) and the Durbar Saheb of Pithadia, over the ownership of the Gir lions, has now been ended by the decision of the Western India States Agency that the lions are not the sole property of the Nawab of Junagadh wherever they may be found; and it is hoped that this decision will be followed by an agreement limiting the number of lions that may annually be killed in each of the States.

THE CENTRE AND TWO
RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MAJOR G. B. WILLIAMS, M.C.



A PAIR OF FINE LIONS SHOT IN THE GIR FOREST: A GROUP IN THE ASIATIC HALL OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM IN NEW YORK.



MANED LIKE HIS AFRICAN BROTHERS—DESPITE STATEMENTS THAT THE INDIAN LION IS COMPLETELY OR ALMOST MANELESS: A GIR LION SHOT FOR THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE DUKE OF



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AS A HORSEMAN: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TAKING A JUMP IN A POINT-TO-POINT.



LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BUCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



THE SELKIRK SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY, FATHER OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S FIANCÉE; A VIEW OF BOSCHILL, IN ITS IMPRESSIVE NATURAL SETTING OF LAKE AND WOODS.



LADY ALICE SCOTT'S INTEREST IN BIG GAME, WHICH SHE SHARES WITH THE DUKE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, K.G., THE THIRD SON OF THE KING AND QUEEN; WHO IS ENGAGED TO LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT.

The engagement of the Duke of Gloucester to Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, third daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, was made known by an announcement in the Court Circular issued from Balmoral Castle on August 29. The Duke of Gloucester, the third son of the King and Queen, was thirty-five last March. Lady Alice will be thirty-four on Christmas Day. The Duke obtained special leave from his regiment, the 16th/5th Lancers, stationed at York, and travelled to Balmoral with the Queen on August 29. Lady Alice arrived at Balmoral with her mother, the

Duchess of Buccleuch, on August 31 to spend the weekend with the King and Queen. The betrothed couple were seen together in public on September 1, when, with their Majesties, and the Duke and Duchess of York, they attended Divine Service at Crathie Church. The Duke of Gloucester has had considerable experience of soldiering, having served in the King's Own Royal Rifle Corps, the 13th Hussars, 10th Royal Hussars, and 11th Hussars. He was gazetted Brevet-Major last year. He is a keen horseman and a fearless rider to hounds, and has played polo for his regiment and for Cambridge

Gloucester and Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott.



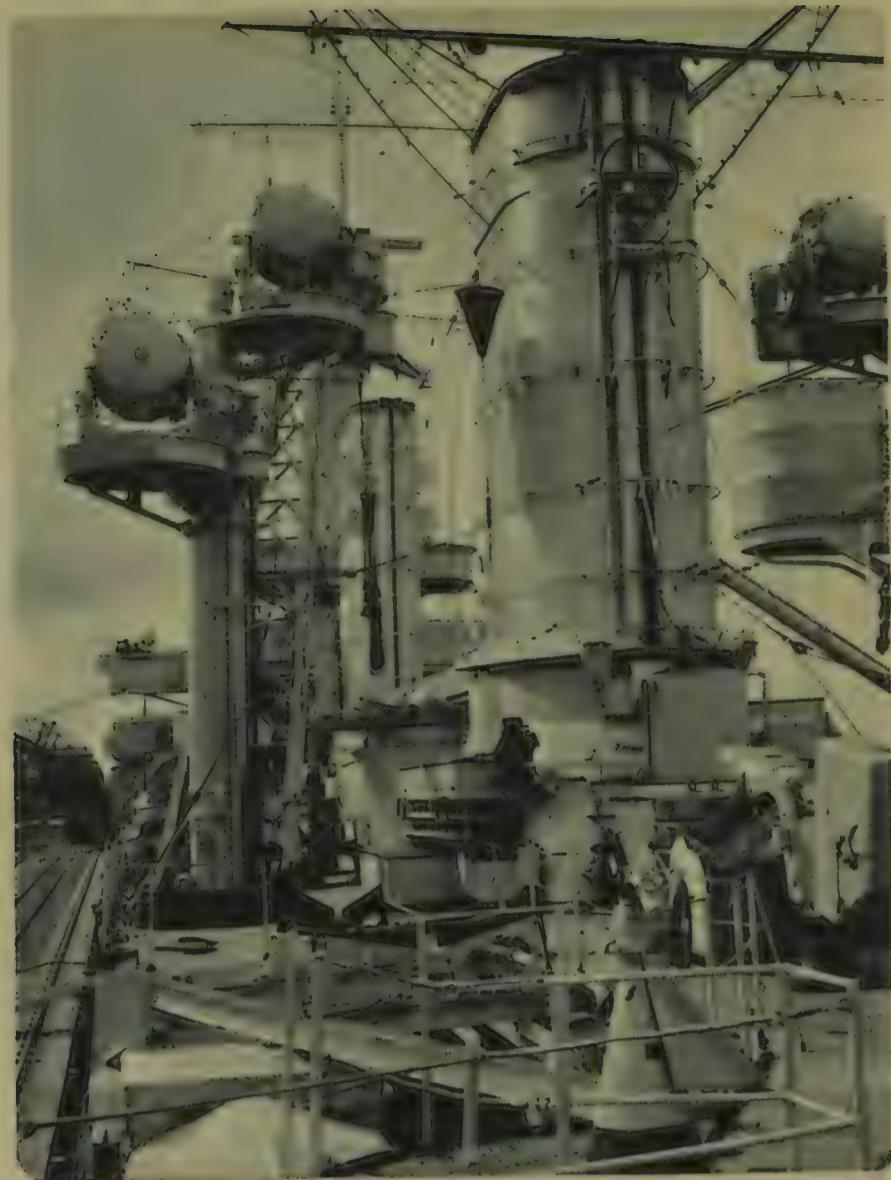
THE FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND LADY ALICE SCOTT AFTER THEIR ENGAGEMENT: THE BETROTHED PAIR DRIVING TO CRATHIE CHURCH FROM BALMORAL IN THE SAME CARRIAGE AS THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

University. He visited East Africa with the Prince of Wales in 1928; and represented the King at the coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia in 1930. Only recently, he returned from a highly successful tour of Australasia and New Zealand. Lady Alice also takes a keen interest in sport. She is, in addition, a talented painter, and has held two exhibitions of her pictures in London. Several of her paintings were executed while with her uncle, Lord Francis Scott, in Kenya Colony. Lady Alice hunts regularly with the Buccleuch Hunt when she is staying in the Border country, and the Duke

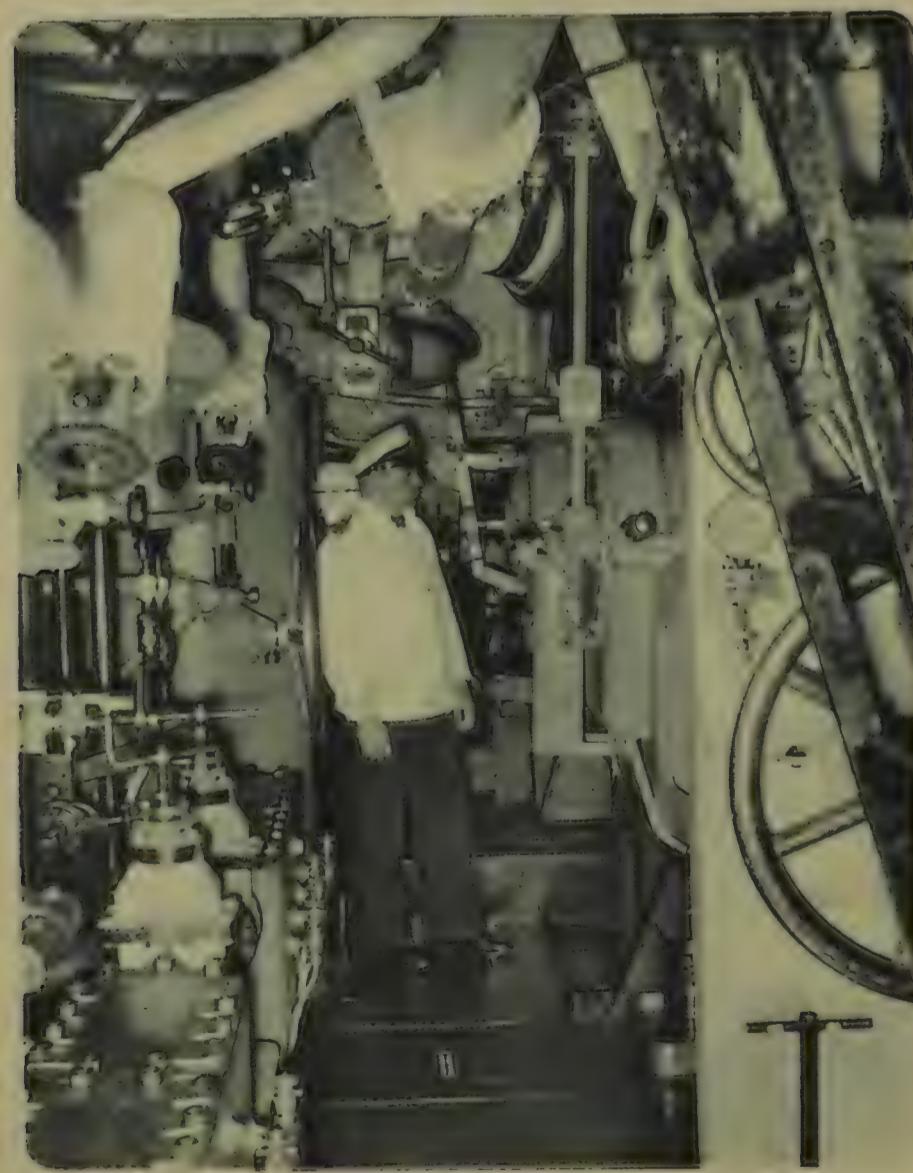
of Gloucester has also hunted with the pack. The Duke has been a friend of her father for many years. The ducal house of Buccleuch is of considerable antiquity. Sir Richard le Scot of Rankilburn and Murthockston, regarded as the ancestor of the family, having been distinguished in the reign of Alexander III of Scotland. A Countess of Buccleuch was married in 1663 to the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II, and he was created Duke of Buccleuch on the day of his marriage. Afterwards, when the Duke was executed, his widow was confirmed in her dignities.



AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN: ONE OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG'S" FOUR.



SEARCHLIGHTS OF THE LIGHT CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG."



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG," WHOSE ENGINES DEVELOP 65,000 H.P.

Herr Hitler left Berlin on August 26 to take part in the gunnery exercises and manoeuvres of the German Navy, which lasted for some days. Considerable importance attaches to these manoeuvres, which have been followed by Admiral Raeder, the German Naval Commander-in-Chief; General von Blomberg, the Minister of War; and General Göring, the Air Minister. The German Kriegsmarine has been much discussed since the announcement of the Anglo-



A GROUP OF THE KÖNIGSBERG'S FOUR TRIPLE 19'7 IN. TORPEDO TUBES.

German Naval Agreement and the publication of the German naval building programme for 1935. This programme includes two battle cruisers of 26,000 tons, two light cruisers of 10,000 tons, sixteen destroyers of 1625 tons, twenty submarines of 250 tons, six submarines of 500 tons, and two submarines of 750 tons; representing about a quarter of the tonnage to which Germany is entitled under the Agreement. It is believed in France that Germany will

WITH THE GERMAN NAVY; WHOSE EXERCISES HERR HITLER RECENTLY ATTENDED: LIFE IN THE LIGHT CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG."



BIG GUNS: THE TURRETS "SEYDLITZ" AND "LUTZOW" OF THE "KÖNIGSBERG."



RATIONS: IN THE COOK'S GALLEY OF THE SHIP, WHOSE NORMAL COMPLEMENT IS 500.

have her new High Seas Fleet ready by 1939. The Naval Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" noted: "The programme is certain to be carried out at unusual speed, for the German shipbuilding and armament industries are fully mobilised and for the past twelve months gun factories and armour-plate mills have been working overtime." The "Königsberg," the ship in which our photographs were taken, is a light cruiser. "Brassey's Naval



HOISTING THE GERMAN NAVAL ENSIGN.



A YOUTHFUL SAILOR OF THE LIGHT CRUISER "KÖNIGSBERG."

Annual" gives the following details, among others: Displacement: 6000 tons. Length: 570 ft. 10 in. Beam: 49 ft. 10 in. H.P.: 65,000. Date of Launch: 1927. Date of Completion: 1929. Cost: £2,100,000. Guns: nine 5·9; four 3·4 A.A. Torpedo Tubes: four triple 19·7 in. (above water). Speed: 32 knots. Complement: 500. It may be remembered that the "Königsberg" was at Portsmouth in July of last year, in company with the "Leipzig."

THE TOWN THAT IS GRATEFUL TO ITS RATS!
THE PIED PIPER PIPES AGAIN DURING THE "RATTENFÄNGER"
FESTIVAL AT HAMELIN.

PERPETUATING
THE MEMORY
OF THE PIED
PIPER IN
HAMELIN.
A MECHANICAL
CLOCK WITH
A MOVING
FIGURE WHICH
IS SEEN
LURING THE
RATS OUT OF
THE TOWN.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT RAT IN HAMELIN! — THE SIGN OVER A BAKERY,
ONE OF THE MANY FAMOUS FOR "RAT LOAVES" (HAMELN'SCHEN
BROTATTEN).

THE SYMBOL
OF AN ANCIENT
LEGEND
DISPLAYED
BELOW THE
FLAG OF THE
NEDERLANDS:
A RAT-FEFeY
AND A NAZI
BANNER ON
A GATE OF
HAMELIN
TOWN IN
BRUNSWICK,
BY FAMOUS
JANUAR
CITY."

AN OLD STONE
FORMERLY ON
ONE OF THE
GATES OF
HAMELIN
WITH A
REFERENCE
TO THE
ENDING
ANAT OF THE
CHILDREN BY
THE PIED
PIPER: THE
OLDEST EXISTING
RECORD OF
THE PIPER'S
EXPLOIT.

A MODERN "PIED PIPER": A QUAINt
FIGURE TO BE SEEN IN THE STREETS OF
HAMELIN, WITH LIVE RATS ON HIS
SHOULDERS.



HOW THE PIED PIPER LEGEND PERMEATES
THE LIFE OF HAMELIN: A TOWEL WITH
A DESIGN COMMEMORATING IT.



A MODERN RENDERING OF THE PIED PIPER IN THE STREETS OF HAMELIN: THE RATTENFÄNGER, A QUAINt FIGURE IN ANTIc GARR, SHOWING HIS PETS TO INTERESTED VISITORS.

HOW THE PIED PIPER LEGEND PERMEATES
HAMELIN: "PIED PIPER CORDIAL";
WITH THE PIPER ON THE LABEL.



Every year Hamelin, that delightful medieval town on the Weser, celebrates the famous legend of the Pied Piper. Everybody knows the story, which, by the way, was originally used for a film cartoon by Mr. Walt Disney, in one of his delightful "Silly Symphonies." It has been suggested that the legend of the piper who enticed the children away is a reminiscence of one of the Children's Crusades of 1212. A boy, Nicholas, gathered some 20,000 children in that year, and led them across the Alps, in the

belief that the children, who were innocent, would be able to accomplish what men who were sinful were not permitted by God to achieve in the Holy Land. Against this suggestion may be set the fact that legends very similar to that of the Pied Piper exist with regard to the towns of Brandenburg and Lorch. Whatever the significance of the legend, there can be no question that its spirit still pervades the quaint little town. The celebrations are still scrupulously kept up. One of the oldest records



THE LEGEND OF THE PIED PIPER RE-ENACTED DURING THE RATTENFÄNGER FESTIVAL AT HAMELIN: A SCENE FROM THE PAGEANT WHICH MAGDA FISCHER, A FORTRESS OF HAMELIN, HAS INITIATED; WITH THE CHILDREN ALMOST AS RAFT AS WHEN THE ORIGINAL PIED PIPER PLAYED.



THE MEMORY OF THE RATS KEPT GREEN IN HAMELIN BY EATING THEM IN EFFIGY: BAKERS STRINGING UP A STOCK OF "RAT LOAVES" IN A STORE-ROOM.

of the Pied Piper was found on a stone slab in a gateway (the Neuen Tor). It bears a Latin inscription to the effect that the gateway was erected 270 years after the entombment of the children by the Rat Catcher (Rattenfänger) is the German name for the Pied Piper). There are two dates on the stone, however—1531 and 1556. Deducting 270 from the first figure, 1259 is left, and this was the year when Hamelin lost the flower of its manhood in a battle against the Bishop of Minden. In the

second instance, the date is 1284, and this is, in fact, the traditional date of the Pied Piper's exploits. (Browning, however, mentions the "Twenty-second of July, Thirteen hundred and seventy-six" in his famous poem.) Whether the figure given on the stone is accurate nobody knows. The Pied Piper festival at Hamelin lasts from May 20 to October 20, the "Rattenfängerspiel" being given on Monday and Wednesday. This pageant of the Pied Piper has been written by Magda Fischer, a Hamelin poetess.

DOREEN GROWS UP: THE FIRST BONGO KEPT IN A "ZOO"—
A RARE ANTELOPE'S DEVELOPMENT IN CAPTIVITY, FROM YOUTH TO Maturity.



AS SHE WAS ON ARRIVAL AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK, JANUARY 4, 1933: DOREEN, A FEMALE BONGO FROM KENYA, THEN ABOUT ONE YEAR OLD.



SHOWING HER HORMS IN THE BUDDING STAGE: A HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS PORTRAIT OF DOREEN, THE YOUNG FEMALE BONGO, TAKEN AT THE TIME OF HER ARRIVAL IN AMERICA 2½ YEARS AGO.



AFTER TWO YEARS AND A HALF OF "COMFORT AND SECURITY" AT THE ZOOLOGICAL PARK IN NEW YORK: DOREEN NOW REACHING A MATURE STAGE.



SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HORMS SINCE THE STAGE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: A RECENT HEAD-AND-SHOULDERS PORTRAIT OF DOREEN IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO."



HEALTHY, DOCILE, AND CONTENTED: DOREEN AS SHE IS TO-DAY—A PORTRAIT SHOWING THE PECULIAR TRANSVERSE MARKINGS CONTINUED IN THE RIDGE OF HAIR ALONG THE SPINE.



DOREEN IN PROFILE: A FEMALE OF THE SAME SPECIES AS THE MALE BONGO SINCE CAUGHT BY THE SAME HUNTER (LIEUT.-COLONEL ERIC PERCY-SMITH) AND PLACED IN THE "ZOO" AT ROME.

Mr. Edward R. Osterndorff, Photographer to the New York Zoological Park, has sent us these interesting photographs with the following note: "On June 6, 1932, in the dense mountain forests of equatorial Kenya, East Africa, Colonel E. Percy-Smith captured a beautiful half-grown female bongo, one of the rarest antelopes. He named her 'Doreen,' and subsequently sent her to the New York Zoological Park. 'The Illustrated London News' of August 27, 1932, published Colonel Percy-Smith's article, 'The Quest of the Bongo,' which closes with this prophetic sentiment: 'She, I am sure, will settle down in comfort and security, and be happy, free at last from the perpetual fear of attack by a pack of ruthless wild dogs or a prowling leopard.' Colonel Percy-Smith's prophecy is indeed ringing true, for Doreen has 'settled down' in apparent contentment at the New York Zoological Park. She

obviously likes her comfortable quarters in the Antelope House, and the large adjoining corral where on warm days she roams about, admired by thousands who stop to watch the graceful animal. She seems to realise she is the first bongo ever exhibited alive outside of Africa. Doreen came to the Zoological Park a half-grown young bongo in perfect condition after a long, tiresome journey. Her good health has continued and she has grown considerably, until she now weighs about 375 lb. She is now reaching maturity. A docile, friendly disposition makes Doreen a much-loved resident of the Park. With the physical wants supplied and an ever-vigilant veterinarian on call, she has every chance of living a long, happy life." In our issue of January 27, 1934, we illustrated the first male bongo seen in Europe, also caught in Kenya by Lieut.-Colonel Percy-Smith, and placed in the "Zoo" at Rome.

THE DUKE OF
GLOUCESTER'S
BRIDE - TO - BE
AS AN ARTIST:
WATER-COLOURS

OF KENYA
BY LADY
ALICE SCOTT.

LADY ALICE MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, the fiancée of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, is a talented artist and has held two exhibitions in London, at Walker's Galleries, the first in 1933, and the second this year. Although she is stated never to have had any art lessons, she is an accomplished water-colour painter, particularly with regard to presenting Kenya in all its vigour and colour. On the occasion of her first exhibition, the

[Continued below.]



"THE LAKE ON MR. JACK SOAME'S FARM."



"NYERI AND THE ABERDARE MOUNTAINS FROM SIR PYERS MOSTYN'S FARM."

Continued.]

following appreciation of her art appeared in "Walker's Monthly." "In Kenya the difficulties in the way of reproducing the effect on which the eye rests are greatly increased by two factors with which the water-colour artist in England has not to contend. The first is the vertical sun which casts no shadows, and the second is a clarity of atmosphere which presents distances at only a fraction of their real value. The absence of shadows is not a feature which the landscape painter welcomes with enthusiasm; water-colour effects are to a great extent a question of light and shade. . . . The shadowless effects are very truthfully

represented in Lady Alice's views of Equatorial Africa, as are also the more difficult effects of 'false' distances. In an English atmosphere, the indistinctness of objects increases in proportion to their distances from the eye. . . . In the clearness of the Kenya atmosphere this is not so. The peculiarity of these distant effects will be at once recognised in Lady Alice's sketches." For the rest, we may note that two pages of photographs illustrating the engagement of H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott will be found elsewhere in this issue.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL NOTES ON RECENT EVENTS.



AN AEROPLANE DRIVEN ENTIRELY BY HUMAN MUSCULAR POWER: THE MACHINE IN WHICH A GERMAN PILOT RECENTLY MADE FLIGHTS OF OVER 200 YARDS AT FRANKFURT.

At Frankfurt on August 30, Herr Dünnbeil made four flights of 213, 257, 225, and 242 yards respectively, in the above machine, whose air-screw is operated by foot-pedals, like a bicycle. The take-off was accomplished by elastic rubber bands, which gave initial impetus. The Frankfurt Polytechnic Society who offered a prize of 5000 marks to the first German who flies round two points 547 yards apart in such a machine, driven exclusively by man-power, have awarded Herr Dünnbeil and the constructors of the aeroplane a consolation prize of 3000 marks.



ONE OF THE HISTORIC MARNE TAXICABS TO BE SHIPPED TO AMERICA: A FAREWELL CEREMONY IN PARIS.

On August 31, one of the famous Paris taxicabs in which General Gallièni sent his reserves to the front, thereby helping to win the Battle of the Marne, was despatched from Paris to Le Havre, to be shipped to Oregon to the league of "Forty Men or Eight Horses." It was driven to the station by the same man who drove it to the battlefield in 1914.



THE FAMOUS NEW ORIENT LINER WHICH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER LAUNCHED AT BARROW BY WIRELESS FROM BRISBANE (12,000 MILES AWAY), ON HER MAIDEN CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE "ORION" AT VENICE—A PICTURESQUE AIR VIEW OF THE SHIP AND THE CITY, SHOWING ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

The "Orion," the latest addition to the Orient Line fleet, left Southampton on August 14 for her maiden voyage, a twenty-four-days' cruise to the Mediterranean. It is interesting to recall that the Duke of Gloucester launched her from Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs' yard at Barrow-in-Furness, last December, by wireless from Brisbane, 12,000 miles away, during his tour in Australia. The

ceremony at Barrow was illustrated in our issue of December 15, 1934. In that of August 17 last we gave photographs of the ship after her completion, showing examples of the interior decoration by Mr. Brian O'Rorke on original lines. The "Orion" is 630 ft. long, with a tonnage of 23,371. She accommodates 486 first-class passengers and 653 tourist class.



A MINIATURE LOCOMOTIVE COLLIDES WITH A LORRY: A MISHAP ON THE ROMNEY, HYTHE, AND DYMCHURCH LIGHT RAILWAY.

A collision occurred on the New Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway—the miniature railway which connects Hythe with Dungeness—on September 2. A train drawn by a model Pacific-type engine weighing about six tons collided with a lorry at Bonnington Road crossing. The engine was thrown on its side, and several coaches derailed. There were no injuries of any consequence.



THE BUCKLING OF A BIG YACHT'S STEEL MAST: MR. GERALD LAMBERT'S RACING CUTTER "YANKEE," AFTER BEING DISMASTED DURING A RACE OFF DARTMOUTH.

The American yacht "Yankee," owned and sailed by Mr. Gerald B. Lambert, was dismasted off Dartmouth on August 31, during the season's last race for big yachts. Soon after the start the wind increased to half a gale. The accident happened near the Skerries Bell Buoy, when "Yankee" was leading. Her mast buckled in two places and went by the board, while the boom was also damaged. Two men were washed overboard but rescued. The race was abandoned, and "Yankee" was taken in tow by a trawler.

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ASTRID: ROYAL MOURNERS IN THE PROCESSION.



BRUSSELS THRONGED WITH MOURNERS COME TO RENDER A LAST TRIBUTE TO QUEEN ASTRID: HER COFFIN, COVERED WITH THE BELGIAN FLAG, WITH HER CROWN RESTING ON A CUSHION BESIDE IT, BORNE IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY ON A HUGE CANOPIED HEARSE DRAWN BY EIGHT HORSES, HEAVILY DRAPED.

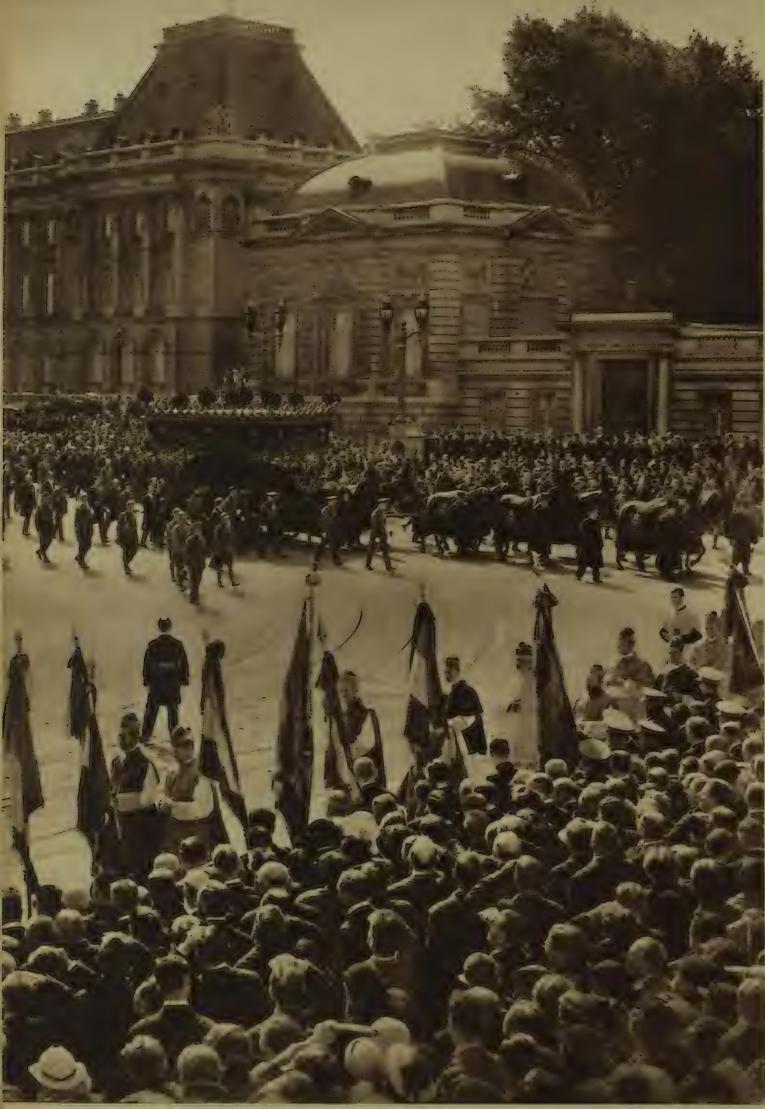


THE ROYAL MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE HEARSE ON FOOT: (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE BEREAVED KING LEOPOLD, HIS ARM IN A SLING AND BEARING OTHER SIGNS OF HIS INJURIES; HIS BROTHER, PRINCE CHARLES (BEHIND HIM TO LEFT); AND (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) THE DUKE OF YORK.

The funeral of Queen Astrid took place in Brussels on September 3. The coffin, covered with the Belgian flag draped in black, and with her crown resting beside it on a cushion, was placed on a great hearse drawn by eight horses and borne in procession from the Palace to the Church of Ste. Gudule, where the funeral service was held. Behind the hearse walked the royal mourners, headed by the bereaved King, Leopold III., himself bearing evidence of his injuries in the fatal motoring accident in which the Queen lost her life. A little behind him walked

his brother, Prince Charles, and then came the late Queen's father, Prince Charles of Sweden, seen near the centre of the lower photograph. Behind him (to left) is the Prince of Piedmont. On the extreme left is the Duke of York, who represented King George, and near him are the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. The enormous crowd which gathered to watch the cortège pass by gave proof of the nation's sorrow. There were no flowers on the coffin, as all wreaths had been taken to the place of burial at Laeken.

THE BELGIAN PEOPLE IN SORROW FOR A WELL-BELOVED QUEEN.



QUEEN ASTRID'S LAST JOURNEY THROUGH THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORTÉGÉE, SHOWING THE HEARSE DRAWN BY EIGHT HORSES, AND THE CLERGY WHO PRECEDED IT, AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION, MOVING ROUND A BEND ON THE ROUTE (AS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND OF OUR ILLUSTRATION).



THE CHIEF MOURNER AT THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN ASTRID, BEARING MARKS OF HIS OWN INJURIES IN THE FATAL ACCIDENT: LEOPOLD III., WITH HIS ARM IN A SLING, HANDS BANDAGED, AND A DRESSING ON HIS FACE.

As the funeral cortége of Queen Astrid of the Belgians moved through the streets of Brussels, a vast crowd gathered to witness the mournful stillness. King Leopold himself, wearing the uniform of a General in the Belgian Army, walked just behind the hearse, heading the group of royal mourners shown in a photograph on the preceding page. It was reckoned that a million people lined the streets. Thousands of them had come from the farthest parts of Belgium and many were women in deep mourning, though probably they had never seen their Queen. In spite of this vast concourse, only the shrill notes of a bugle and the tolling bells could be heard as the clergy heading the procession beat their staves through the Palace gates. On thirty-four carts began to file their route. To the slow stamp of marching feet and the rumble of carriage wheels, the cortége moved from the Palace to the Church where the funeral service took place. The atmosphere in Sts. Gudule was dim. Only a little light filtered through the high windows. Gigantic mourning draperies were suspended from every pillar. From high over the dais long streamers of black, edged with silver, hung from a small dome. The burial of Queen Astrid took place in the royal crypt at Laeken, her body being laid near that of King Albert.

THE BEREAVED KING LEADS THE MOURNERS ON FOOT, DESPITE HIS OWN INJURIES.



IN THE CHURCH OF STE. GUDULE AT BRUSSELS DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE FOR QUEEN ASTRID: THE MAGNIFICENT CATAfalque (SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND) SURROUNDED BY A FOREST OF TALL CANDLES; AND SOME OF THE BLACK DRAPINGS, EDGED WITH SILVER, SUSPENDED FROM ABOVE, WHICH FORMED PART OF THE MOURNING DRAPERY.

FORCES TO BE INCREASED TO A MILLION: ITALY'S GREAT

MILITARY DISPLAY—MANOEUVRES DIRECTED BY THE DUCE



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WITH FOREIGN OFFICERS ATTENDING THE GREAT MANOEUVRES IN NORTHERN ITALY: THE DUCE WALKING BETWEEN FRENCH (ON THE LEFT) AND BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVES.



A LONG LINE OF ALPINE GUNS ASSEMBLED AT BOLZANO FOR INSPECTION BY SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: IMPRESSIVE EVIDENCE OF THE ITALIAN ARTILLERY'S SPECIAL PREPARATIONS FOR MOUNTAIN WARFARE.



ITALY'S STRENGTH IN LIGHT TANKS: AN IMPOSING PARADE, WITH THEIR CREWS BESIDE THEM, AT THE REVIEW HELD AFTER THE MANOEUVRES.



HEAVY ARTILLERY OF THE ITALIAN ARMY USED DURING THE RECENT MANOEUVRES HELD ON A GREAT SCALE IN THE MOUNTAINOUS AREAS NEAR BOLZANO: STRENUEOUS WORK IN MANNING A BIG GUN INTO "ACTION."



PROOF OF EXTENSIVE MECHANISATION IN THE MODERN ITALIAN ARMY: A TRACTOR-DRAWN BATTERY OF ARTILLERY ON A WINDING ROAD DURING THE MANOEUVRES, PASSING STEEL-HELMETED INFANTRY HALTED AT THE ROADSIDE.



THE DUCE AND HIS SOVEREIGN: AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF KING VICTOR AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI AT THE MANOEUVRES.

The great Italian army manoeuvres in the Bolzano district, under the supreme command of the Duce, ended with the victory of the Blue (national) forces, which repelled the Red invaders. King Victor Emmanuel and Signor Mussolini followed the successive phases of the "battle." Signor Mussolini arrived at Bolzano, to resume direction of the manoeuvres, on August 26, and on the 28th he presided at a special meeting of the Fascist Cabinet held in the Prefecture. An official communiqué issued afterwards stated that the Italian Government would present to the League Council at Geneva, on

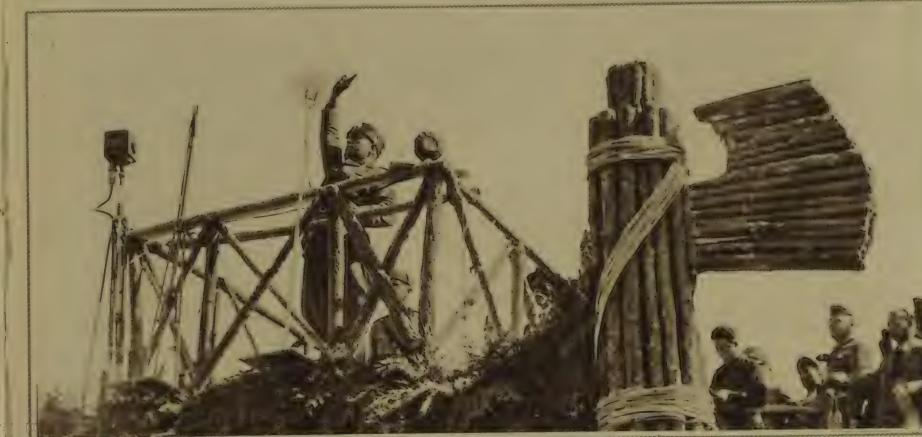
September 4, a declaration defining their position regarding the Abyssinian problem. Signor Mussolini was reported to have said that Italy would also present a longer historical memorandum on the relations between Italy and Abyssinia and European States in East Africa during the last fifty years, with "literature by English, German and French writers illustrating Abyssinia as it is." The Duce declared that "the Italian policy does not threaten British Imperial interests, either directly or indirectly, and the tendentious alarms raised in certain circles were absolutely absurd." The actual manoeuvres



MASSED CAVALRY OF THE ITALIAN ARMY ENGAGED IN THE SPECTACULAR MANOEUVRES IN THE NORTH: A STEEL-HELMETED FORCE AWAITING ATTACK BY THE "ENEMY."



MASSED INFANTRY OF THE ITALIAN ARMY TAKING PART IN THE MANOEUVRES NEAR BOLZANO: A LARGE BODY OF MEN DRAWN UP IN CLOSE ORDER.



"THE WORLD MUST KNOW. . . . WE WILL BRING TO THE HIGHEST POSSIBLE LEVEL THE POWER OF THE NATION'S ARMED FORCES": SIGNOR MUSSOLINI—IN DRAMATIC ATTITUDE BESIDE THE SYMBOLIC FASCE (RIGHT)—MAKES A STIRRING SPEECH TO THE ITALIAN TROOPS, AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE MANOEUVRES, FROM AN OBSERVATION POST OVERLOOKING THE ADIGE VALLEY.



THE REVIEW OF TROOPS THAT TOOK PART IN THE MANOEUVRES: SOME OF THE 100,000 MEN PARADED BEFORE KING VICTOR AND THE DUCE IN THE VAL DI NON.



SHOWING A HUGE PORTAIT OF THE DUCE DISPLAYED ON A BANNER: THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD IN THE SQUARE AT BOLZANO ON SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S ARRIVAL.

ended on August 28, and Signor Mussolini then motored over the mountain roads of the Alto Adige, as far as the Stelvio Pass and the Austro-Italian frontier in the Brenner Pass. In all the villages, which were beflagged and decorated, he received a fervent welcome. On August 31 King Victor and the Duce reviewed troops that had taken part in the manoeuvres, and eight divisions—about 100,000 men—paraded in the Val di Non. Finally, the Duce mounted the tribune and expressed the pleasure of the King and himself at the "proofs of physical endurance and discipline shown by the troops."

He announced that during September 200,000 more men would be called up. "The world must know of the foreshadowed level of 1,000,000," he said: "The world must know once again that, so long as there is talk of sanctions, we will not give up a single soldier, a single sailor, a single airman; but we will bring to the highest possible level the power of the nation's armed forces." The speech was received with great acclamation, including thunderous shouts of "Viva Il Re!" Later, Signor Mussolini visited Trento and his native town of Forlì.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. F. W. RICKETT: THE ENGLISH FINANCER WHO OBTAINED THE MUCH DISCUSSED OIL CONCESSION FROM THE ABYSSINIAN GOVERNMENT.

Mr. F. W. Rickett negotiated the concession granted by the Abyssinian Government to the African Exploitation and Development Corporation, an American company, for the exploitation of oil and other natural resources over a large part of Abyssinia. The granting of the concession caused a great stir in international circles on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Rickett is the M.F.H. of the Garth Hunt, and has a house in Berkshire.



THE DUKE OF BUCLEUCH.
The Duke of Buccleuch's third daughter, Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott, is engaged to H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. The ducal house of Buccleuch is one of the great historic houses of the kingdom and bears the Royal Arms of King Charles II.



M. HENRI BARBUSSE.
Author of "Le Feu," the famous war book. Died at Moscow, August 30, aged sixty-one. Served in the French Infantry, being twice cited in an Order of the Day for gallantry. He received the Prix Goncourt in 1917. After the war he turned Communist.



MR. ISIDORE DE LARA.
The operatic composer. Died September 2, aged seventy-seven. His operas included "The Light of Asia," "Messaline," "Le Voile Blanc," and "Trilby" (an operetta not yet produced). He also wrote a large number of songs, including "The Garden of Sleep."



SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS.
"Daily Telegraph" Special Correspondent in Addis Ababa. Sent the cablegram disclosing the details of the grant of the oil concession by Abyssinia to an American concern. Lengthy quotations from Sir Percival's cable were broadcast by the B.B.C. on August 31.



ADMIRAL SIR R. CUSTANCE.
The distinguished writer on naval warfare. Died August 30, aged eighty-seven. Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence, 1886-1890; and Director, 1899. Author of "The Ship of the Line in Battle" (1912), "War at Sea" (1919), and "A Study of War" (1924).



M. NICOLAS POLITIS.
Greek Minister in Paris. Fifth arbitrator on the Commission of Conciliation and Arbitration between Italy and Abyssinia; which reported, on September 3, that no blame attached to either Italy or Ethiopia in the Wal-Wal frontier incident, or subsequent events.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S SONS EN ROUTE FOR EAST AFRICA; WITH THEIR BROTHER-IN-LAW, COUNT CIANO (CENTRE).

Signor Mussolini's sons, Bruno (seen here on the right) and Vittorio, recently embarked for service with the Italian forces in East Africa. When they arrived at Massawa, on September 1, aeroplanes flew over to greet them. Later, at Asmara, they were also given an enthusiastic reception.



THE OCCASION ON WHICH THE POPE ALLUDED TO THE WAR DANGER: HIS HOLINESS RECEIVING THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF NURSES AT CASTEL GANDOLFO.

The Pope received at Castel Gandolfo, on August 27, Roman Catholic nurses from all parts of the world who were holding a congress there. In his address to them the Pope spoke of the war danger. "A war . . . of conquest," he said, "would evidently be an unjust war; something . . . which is inexpressibly sad and horrible." He also said: "We cannot help hoping that it may be possible to reach a solution of all the difficulties by other means which do not involve war."



MR. W. KEAN GIVING HIS PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS, WHEN HE CONDEMNED ITALIAN AGGRESSION AGAINST ABYSSINIA.

In his presidential address to the Trades Union Congress, at Margate on September 2, Mr. W. Kean made a pronouncement condemning Italian aggression against Abyssinia. He called upon the League of Nations to employ all necessary sanctions to restrain the law-breaker, and did not shrink from the possibility of a clash with Italy. "Italy can be coerced if she cannot be persuaded," said Mr. Kean. He mentioned the suggested closing of the Suez Canal.



HERR HITLER WITH THE GERMAN FLEET: THE FUHRER TALKING TO SAILORS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS VISIT TO WITNESS NAVAL EXERCISES.

As noted on a double page in this issue, where we illustrate life in a German light cruiser, Herr Hitler recently accompanied the German fleet to sea for gunnery and other exercises. Herr Hitler is here seen talking to sailors when he inspected their quarters on board the tender "Grille," from which (our correspondent states) he watched the exercises. The "Grille" is an ex-trawler of 470 tons, now officially classed as an "experimental vessel."

ITALY'S ERITREAN PORT; AND AN ACTIVE ABYSSINIAN VOLCANO.



THE PORT AT WHICH ITALY HAS LANDED LARGE FORCES AND A MASS OF WAR MATERIAL FOR POSSIBLE OPERATIONS IN ABYSSINIA: AN AIR VIEW OF MASSAWA, SHOWING THE LAGOONS, AND TWO NEW ARTIFICIAL BASINS (IN THE FOREGROUND) FOR DISEMBARKATION OF GRAIN AND FODDER.



SAID TO BE THE ONLY VOLCANO STILL ACTIVE IN THE DANAKIL REGION, PART OF ABYSSINIA BORDERING ON ERITREA, THE ITALIAN COLONY ON THE RED SEA COAST: AN AIR VIEW OF THE SUMMIT, WHITE, NOT WITH SNOW, AS IT APPEARS TO BE, BUT BY THE ACTION OF WIND AND SUN.

The great extent of the Italian activities in Eritrea, during the past six months or so, was recently revealed in an account sent to the Italian Press from Asmara, the seat of government in Eritrea. Herein it was stated that the port of Massawa had at first been found insufficiently equipped for the very heavy traffic consequent on the decision to undertake vast military and economic preparations in view of the dispute with Abyssinia. The congestion, however,

was relieved by the employment of big fleets of motor transport and the construction of new roads, especially towards Asmara. The unloading capacity of the port had consequently risen from 300 to 3600 tons a day. Early in this year only two trains daily ran on the Massawa-Asmara railway, which rises from sea-level to nearly 8000 ft. Now there are six trains every day. Great progress has also been made in water supply, hospital accommodation, and airports,

The World of the Cinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

"ON WINGS OF SONG."

TO the always formidable task of providing fresh material for an operatic star, Columbia Pictures and their director, Mr. Victor Schertzinger, had to add the difficulty of reaching the standards set in "One Night of Love" and

dialogue that it emerges from the mint with all the glitter of a brand-new coin. The story of "On Wings of Song" receives a lively impetus from the characterisation, brilliantly handled by Mr. Leo Carrillo, of the Italian amateur impresario. The man, with his bluff and his blunders, his childlike bombast and extravagance, gifted with a love of music and an intuition that enables him to rise to the level of the lady he adores, is intensely human, and Mr. Carrillo, who comes into his own again in this picture, as did Mr. Carminati in "One Night of Love," blends all the elements of comedy, romance, and emotion with a sure touch. His scenes with Miss Moore are as delicately modulated as his Anglo-Italian verbal duels with Mr. Alberni are deliciously comic. Miss Moore herself is wholly enchanting. She has a quality of tender gaiety that endears her to her audience, and an innate dignity that gives her poise without any prima-donna airs. Her glorious voice rolls out, beautifully true and effortless, and the act from "La Bohème" in which she has the support of Mr. Michael Bartlett's magnificent tenor, is a thrilling experience. Mr. Victor Schertzinger has seized every opportunity for fine staging with unerring showmanship, but not to the detriment of the story's dramatic content. He cleverly suggests the social barrier between the Italian and his *protégé* and uses the waxing power of an unscrupulous gambling gang over the ruined café proprietor to work up the suspense of the closing scenes. He also has the discretion not to plug his own theme-song, a modest little trifle to which Miss Moore does more than justice, and gracefully makes way for Puccini to dominate the musical side of this first-rate entertainment.

"THE MARCH OF TIME."

"The March of Time," Radio Pictures' new departure in screen journalism, is an expansion of the news-reel and the instructional "short," than which I find nothing more interesting. Furthermore, publicity indicated its pioneering quality. Therefore I had two good reasons to follow with alacrity the call to a private showing of an initial sample or samples. Nor was I altogether disappointed, for the samples, ranging from a brief survey of Mr. Huey Long's spectacular career to a chronicle of Soviet rule in modern Russia, held much engrossing matter, and if I failed to be singularly impressed by the originality of this "modern method of handling news by motion picture," it is probably because it seems to borrow a great deal from our own Mr. Grierson, who discovers with so much vision and dramatic perception the various cogs in the wheels of our national life and industries. "The March of Time" brings a treatment of subject-matter akin to Mr. Grierson's into conjunction with actual events of the moment, thereby amplifying the mere statement of facts by the why, wherefore, and how of momentous happenings, in much the same manner as the newspaper editorial. It is to be issued monthly, and cannot, obviously, concern itself with stop-press news. That is a minor drawback finding ample compensation in the illumination it may be able to shed on recent incidents in the history of the world. I can imagine

GRACE MOORE IN HER NEW FILM, "ON WINGS OF SONG," AT THE TIVOLI; AS A PRIMA DONNA SINGING AN ARIA FROM "RIGOLETTO."

"On Wings of Song" is a film of the rise of a poor girl to fame as an opera star in New York. Leo Carrillo takes the part of a gambler, with an appreciation of good music, who befriends her. There are delightful excerpts from "Rigoletto" and "La Bohème." Grace Moore, it will be recalled, figured in the recent opera season at Covent Garden, and had a great personal triumph as Mimi in "La Bohème."

The Queen saw her in this part.

of satisfying a vast public which found in that delightful piece a wholly satisfying formula. There is nothing more dangerous than repeating a successful formula; yet Mr. Schertzinger has done it in "On Wings of Song," presented at the Tivoli, and has done it, what is more, in such a manner as to lend fresh aspects to characters and situations closely akin to those in the earlier production. Certainly a glorious voice such as Miss Grace Moore possesses limits the choice of subjects. For her the theme-songs of musical romance will not suffice. Therefore no other road is left to her scenario-writer than the one that leads to the Opera House. In her adventures on that road lies the only chance of varying her vehicles. Now Mr. Schertzinger, greatly daring, possibly—knowing his audiences as he does—very wisely, and, in any case, fully justified by the result, has elected to load the responsibility for a singer's career once again on to the broad shoulders of an enthusiastic Italian, shifting his beacons only far enough to change the maestro of "One Night of Love" into a gambler and café proprietor of immense wealth and obscure origin. For the rest, this Cresus of the underworld has, as before, a loyal and infinitely entertaining henchman in Mr. Luis Alberni. His protection of the girl with a golden voice rapidly changes to devotion to the girl herself, and, after a period of heart-break and *dégringolade* caused by the intervention of a younger and more eligible suitor, his happiness is restored to him "on wings of song" as the curtain comes down on his divinity's triumphant débüt at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The pattern of the two pictures is closely related and touches at several points. But it has been filled in with such freshness, skill, and witty

many such incidents lending themselves amiably or dramatically, or both, to such presentation. But there are stumbling-blocks. Amplification means a certain introduction of a theatrical element, and an uneasy realisation that actuality has been reinforced by actors when prominent persons are the pivot of the action. Where "The March of Time" breaks away from the single occurrence and deals with such subjects as an air-liner blazing a new trail, or the hectic activities in a big newspaper office during the making up of the late night final, it falls definitely into the category of our excellent educational films, and, admirably done as it is, will hardly create the stir in England which it is reported to have made in America. Given the ideal opportunity, however, the "pictorial editorial" has its undoubted value, and will bring variety to, though it will not supersede, the customary news-reel programme.

"PEG OF OLD DRURY."

Mr. Herbert Wilcox and Mr. Miles Malleson have embroidered the theme of Peg Woffington's stage and private life with all the licence allowed to poets and to screen historians. They have travelled lightly, unencumbered by the heavy luggage of hard facts, into the lush meadows of romance, intent only on culling a few more flowers for Miss Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke to scatter to a grateful public. As in the case of the Schertzinger picture, "Peg of Old Drury" (Leicester Square Theatre) is cut and



"PEG OF OLD DRURY," AT THE LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE: CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS DAVID GARRICK TAKING A COMIC PART IN BEN JONSON'S "ALCHEMY."

"Peg of Old Drury" is the story of the famous Irish actress Peg Woffington, who, from obscure beginnings in Dublin, rose to be the toast of the town when Garrick reigned at Drury Lane. Anna Neagle plays the part of Peg Woffington, and, in the course of a fine performance, fights a spectacular duel. Many celebrities of the period appear in the film, including Dr. Johnson.

tailored to the pattern of its predecessor, "Nell Gwyn." A very elegant, shapely affair it is, too, falling easily round the shoulders of the stars. Mr. Malleson's free version of Peg Woffington's career permits her to follow a faithless lover from her humble home in Dublin to the picturesque London of the eighteenth century, to rise from the ashes of disillusion as a radiant star in the theatrical firmament, and to die, at the height of her career, in the loving arms of David Garrick. A pretty tale; one, moreover, elastic enough for the inclusion of scenes from Shakespeare as well as the fireworks and social amenities of Vauxhall, the Cheshire Cheese, and the green room of Old Drury. Episodic as it is, its incidents are linked up by fluent action. The mirror-like polish of the production catches the reflection of passion without profundity, of humanity without depth, and of drama smoothed out to its own surface glitter. Exquisitely staged, the picture suits the radiant personality of Miss Anna Neagle well. She skims through it, long-limbed, graceful, and gallant in her male attire. She has an easy assurance that justifies her meteoric progress rather than the tormenting urge of a great actress, but that, after all, may have been the secret of Woffington's success. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's David Garrick has a cynical lightness of touch which throws into high relief his brief excerpts from Shakespeare. In a *pendant* to his Charles II. (albeit with a crown of tinsel) he cuts through the scintillating fabric of the film with cool authority.



ANNA NEAGLE AS PEG WOFFINGTON IN "PEG OF OLD DRURY": THE FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ACTRESS ATTENDING A MASQUERADE AT VAUXHALL DISGUISED AS A MAN—AND PLAYING THE PART WITH GUSTO!



FIG. 1. A FIGURE OF A WARRIOR CARVED OUT OF A SHELL AND SAID TO DATE FROM 2850 B.C.: A BEAUTIFUL VOTIVE OFFERING FROM THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR AT MARI.

NEW DISCOVERIES
AT A LOST CITY
ON THE EUPHRATES:
SCULPTURES FOUND ON
THE SITE OF MARI—
A KING WHO FOUGHT
AGAINST BABYLON;
AND THE GODDESS ISHTAR.

THESE photographs illustrate new archaeological discoveries of great interest and importance on the site of Mari, once the capital of an ancient kingdom in Syria. Full particulars of the second season's work there by the Louvre expedition will be found in the article on the succeeding page by M. Parrot, Director of the excavations. Our illustrations are numbered to correspond with his references. A few further details are given in some of his explanatory notes on the photographs. Thus Fig. 1 is described as follows: "A warrior of light infantry carved out of a shell, with the helmet of skin, the *kaunakes* (a garment) and weapons. The left shoulder is covered with a skin, like Eannadou on the 'Stela of Vultures' in the Louvre Museum." The date of this statuette is given as 2850 B.C. The great statue of Ishtoup-iloum, king of Mari, shown in Fig. 2, is dated to about 2100 B.C. In his note on Fig. 4, M. Parrot states: "The inscription shows that the identification of Tell Hariri with Mari is certainly accurate." Tell Hariri is the modern name of the mound where the remains of the ancient city came to light.

FIGS. 2 AND 4. A GREAT STATUE OF ISHTOUP-ILLOUM, KING OF MARI ABOUT 2100 B.C.; AND (BELOW ON RIGHT) ANOTHER VIEW OF IT SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION (ON THE RIGHT SHOULDER) THAT IDENTIFIES THE SITE AS THAT OF MARI.



FIG. 3. A STONE HEAD, PROBABLY THAT OF THE GODDESS ISHTAR, WITH INLAID EYES OF SHELL AND BITUMEN AND ONE EARRING STILL IN PLACE: A VOTIVE OFFERING FROM ISHTAR'S TEMPLE.

A GREAT CITY THAT RESISTED BABYLON:

FRESH REVELATIONS AT MARI, NEAR ABU KEMAL, IN SYRIA,
A MAGNIFICENT ROYAL PALACE, AND ART RELICS FROM
THE GODDESS ISHTAR'S TEMPLE.

By ANDRÉ PARROT, Attaché to the Louvre Museum and Director of the Louvre Expedition to Mari. World Copyright of Article and Photographs Strictly Reserved.
(See Illustrations on preceding and opposite pages.)

M. André Parrot's first article on the remarkable discoveries on the site of Mari (near the modern Abu Kemal), published in our issue of Oct. 13 last, appeared with an introductory note by Dr. Henry Frankfort, Field Director of the Iraq Expedition of the Oriental

Lighting used by the architects of these vast buildings.

Light and air seem to have been introduced mainly through the exceptionally high doorways opening on the courtyards. The rooms are very carefully furnished. They are in most cases beautifully paved with burnt bricks.

Sometimes, however, the floor is made out of a compact plaster, still intact after 4000 years. Tools *in situ* enabled us to identify the kitchens, with their rows of jars. As for the bath-rooms, several are still in perfect condition. One or even two baths stand in each of them (one for hot and one for cold water), and a "Turkish" lavatory is to be found quite near (Fig. 8). The walls are usually covered with a mixture of mud and chopped straw, but in the most important rooms we find wall decorations; horizontal bands alternately black and red, or spirals of white and blue (Fig. 10).

The palace contained two school-rooms, in which were found the earthen benches, each still in position (Fig. 7). Earthen dishes, called by us "écritoires," were lying near at hand, and also quantities of small shells certainly used for arithmetical purposes. Between the benches

a throne of which we have discovered the stone base (Fig. 11, background). The throne faced the chapel, where the statue of the god stood.

In this palace dwelt princes whose names are known to us, thanks to this year's discoveries. The documents are indeed of great value. In a small room, actually a library, we picked up more than 1600 clay tablets dealing with the financial side of the kingdom. The more we know about it, the more it appears to have been rich and powerful. Documents found in the palace and deciphered by M. Thureau-Dangin give the following names: Iloumisar, Iahdoun-lim, Iagid-lim, and Ishtoup-iloum; that is to say, four princes whose existence was quite unknown to us before. Most probably they lived but a short time before Toura-Dagan and Pouzour-Ishtar, whose monuments were discovered by Koldewey at Babylon. They certainly belong to the royal family that dared resist Hammurabi, who made war upon Mari twice.

Each time he set the palace on fire. Four thousand years have gone by, and the marks of the fire are still to be seen. We have picked up heaps of burned beams. The walls are red that were scorched by the flames, and the sides of the door-posts still bear witness to the conflagration. Still more convincing are the traces of incendiary in the Court of Honour, where a fire was lighted by the plunderers but extinguished by the collapse of the superstructure.

Babylon's soldiers had set the palace on fire, and had also, most probably, taken away rich spoil. They left only things that were valueless to them (e.g., clay tablets) or objects too heavy to be taken away, such as the great statue of Ishtoup-iloum (Figs. 2 and 4), weighing more than five hundred kilograms, which we found lying on its back at the bottom of the chapel staircase. This statue is perfect, except for the damage (done in antiquity) to the nose. It shows the prince standing with hands joined, dressed in a short garment and wearing beard and moustache. It is rough in style and much less refined than that of the pre-Sargonid statuettes found last year in Ishtar's temple. This fact shows a retrogressive condition of art or taste, perhaps due to external influences, possibly those of Babylon's first dynasty.

The discoveries made during this second season of our work make it more and more evident that the civilisation in the Middle-Euphrates region during the whole of the 3rd millennium B.C. was extremely brilliant. The palace reveals by its vastness and perfection the architectural technique of the time. Nothing is ramshackle; everything had been carefully planned to give the master of the house the greatest possible comfort.

The temple of Ishtar discovered last year (*The Illustrated London News*, Oct. 13, 1934, page 544), the excavation of which we continued during the winter, is about eight hundred years older, and shows a more simple style of architecture, but more beautiful votive offerings than have ever been found before (Figs. 1 and 3).



FIG. 5. THE EXCAVATIONS OF MARI AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: AN ALMOST OVERHEAD VIEW (LOOKING NORTH) SHOWING (CENTRE) THE PLAN OF THE GREAT PALACE, MORE THAN HALF OF IT STILL BURIED (ON THE RIGHT); AND (LEFT) PART OF THE CITY NEAR THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR.

Photograph by the French Military Air Force.

Institute of the University of Chicago. Dr. Frankfort said: "One of the most startling aspects of the Louvre Expedition's discovery of an ancient civilisation at Abu Kemal lies in its close similarity to the Sumerian civilisations discovered by ourselves at Khasaje—some 200 miles away, and by Mr. Woolley at Ur, yet another 200 miles further south. The reader can judge of this by referring to 'The Illustrated London News' of June 9, 1934, and July 22, 1933. No indication existed before that this early civilisation of southern Mesopotamia had ever flourished along the Euphrates as far north as Abu Kemal."

THE excavation of the town of Mari, the discovery of which was published in *The Illustrated London News* of Oct. 13, 1934 (pages 543-7), was continued during the whole of last winter with great success. The main result of this campaign was the discovery of an immense palace built at the end of the third millennium B.C. and destroyed by Hammurabi, king of Babylon, about two thousand years B.C. This royal building, of enormous size and beautifully preserved, gives us a perfect record. It is certainly the most complete example of architecture that has ever appeared in the course of Mesopotamian excavations for these very early periods.

Actually, owing to lack of time, we only succeeded in digging out a small part of it. Indeed, photographs taken by the French Military Air Force (Figs. 5 and 6) show that more than half of the palace is still buried in the sand. Up to date, we have brought to light no fewer than 69 rooms or courts, covering an area of 5000 square metres. The whole of it is complete and in a wonderful state of preservation. In places the walls still reach a height



FIG. 6. ANOTHER AIR VIEW OF THE MARI SITE FROM A LOWER ALTITUDE, LOOKING EAST: (IN FOREGROUND) THE CITY, WITH HOUSES AND ROADS, DATING FROM 2800 B.C.; (IN BACKGROUND) THE PALACE DURING EXCAVATION, SOME OF THE ROOMS PRESERVED WITH NEW ROOFS OF TIMBER AND CLAY.—[Photograph by the French Military Air Force.]

we picked up copy-books left by the last pupils. The most imposing part of the building is the great Court of Honour or Chamber of State where the king's throne stood (Fig. 11). At the far end of this court there is an imposing gateway completed by a flight of eleven steps leading up to the royal chapel (Fig. 12). The king attended the religious ceremonies seated on

Up till now, owing to lack of time, the lower levels of this site have not been studied. We hope to do that next winter. It will be interesting to compare our results and those obtained in other fields, especially those of Tell Asmar and Khafaje, where Dr. H. Frankfort has been able to study an epoch earlier than the Early Dynastic Period, whose origins we shall try to find.

THE 4000-YEAR-OLD ROYAL PALACE AT MARI, WITH ITS "MODERN CONVENiences": A WONDERFUL BUILDING.



FIG. 7. WHERE CHILDREN STUDIED 4000 YEARS AGO: A SCHOOL-ROOM IN THE PALACE, WITH EARTHEN BENCHES AND LITTLE DISHES CONTAINING SHELLS THAT WERE USED FOR ARITHMETICAL CALCULATIONS.



FIG. 9. A PLASTIC REPRESENTATION OF A LION'S HEAD: AN ORNAMENT OF A SEAT, FOUND IN THE FLOOR OF A COURT IN THE PALACE AT MARI, DATING FROM 2100 B.C.

THE royal palace discovered at Mari during the last season of excavations, as M. Parrot points out in his article on the opposite page, has proved to be the most complete example of architecture belonging to the very early periods in Mesopotamia that has ever been brought to light. It was of vast extent, and so far only a comparatively small part of it has been uncovered. Even so, the portion excavated has been found to comprise no fewer than sixty-nine chambers or courts, and the whole of it is in a remarkably fine state of preservation. Some of the walls still standing reach a height of about 16 ft., as shown in Figs. 11 and 12 on this page. Most striking of all, perhaps, are the "modern conveniences" in the way of a bathroom, with lavatory, as well as the unusual feature of two school-rooms (one of which appears in Fig. 7), complete with benches and some teaching accessories. In a note on Fig. 12, M. Parrot adds that it was at the foot of the staircase, on the left-hand side, that the excavators came upon the great statue of King Ishtoupiloum, illustrated in Figs. 2 and 4 on page 401.



FIG. 8. WITH TWO BATHS ("H. AND C."), AND A "TURKISH" LAVATORY OF BURNT BRICKS AND BITUMEN, CONSTRUCTED OVER A DEEP DRAIN: ONE OF SEVERAL BATHROOMS FOUND IN THE PALACE AT MARI.



FIG. 10. TYPICAL WALL DECORATION IN THE PRINCIPAL APARTMENTS OF THE PALACE: SPIRALS OF COBALT-BLUE BETWEEN WHITE LINES, AND (BELOW) WHITEWASH LAID ON MUD.



FIG. 11. THE GREAT COURT OF HONOUR IN THE PALACE: (FOREGROUND) STEPS TO THE CHAPEL (FIG. 12); (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE STONE BASE FOR THE THRONE, FLANKED BY TALL DOORWAYS.



FIG. 12. THE STAIRWAY TO THE ROYAL CHAPEL AT ONE END OF THE COURT OF HONOUR: A VIEW SHOWING THE GREAT HEIGHT OF THE SURVIVING WALLS, AND BASES OF COLUMNS STILL IN SITU.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHENEVER a new hero is added to our National Valhalla, his story needs to be told in a manner suitable for the rising generation. Such a need has, of course, been felt regarding Lawrence of Arabia, and little time has been lost in satisfying it. His legend will doubtless find its way, if it has not already done so, into school history-books of the more romantic type, and probably also into adventure fiction for boys and girls. Meanwhile, we have an authentic outline of his career, related with dramatic and picturesque simplicity, in "LAWRENCE." The Story of his Life. By Edward Robinson. Introductory Note by A. W. Lawrence. Coloured Frontispiece and thirty-two Pages of Plates (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 3s. 6d.).

This little memoir, the author points out, "is written for youth, to give them a straightforward, simple account of the exploits of a wonderful Englishman, who himself was the spirit of youth and adventure." The words "for youth," I think, may be taken in a vague and elastic sense. While the book might be rather above the heads of ten-year-olds, I see no necessity for any particular age-limit in the other direction. Both in matter and manner the narrative is not excessively juvenile, though certainly it is simple enough, and the author's avoidance of anything too "grown up" is indicated by his explaining the expression "red tape." Nevertheless, I think many general readers, like myself, well away from their teens will enjoy this little work as a stepping-stone to "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." From a youthful point of view, the book is well provided with those two features which Alice considered essential to a story—pictures and conversation, especially pictures. As to authenticity, Mr. Robinson recalls that he was associated with Colonel Lawrence and his Arabs for two and a half years, and

"Becket," and the contrast between them showed how far modern poetry has travelled from the Victorian. The older poet made a much more elaborate effort to recapture the twelfth-century atmosphere, while introducing more scenes and characters. At the same time, though irritated by Mr. Eliot's anachronisms of language, I found his play in some ways more vital and impressive than Tennyson's, and also less cryptic than some of his own previous work. His Chorus of Women of Canterbury has rather an air of Greek tragedy.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story" have those who set out to do the behests of kings, or serve their interests, been led into evil courses, like the murderers of Becket, and some thereby have found themselves in Queer Street or come to a "sticky" end. The vicissitudes and painful fate of such an one have been recalled in "CAPTAIN KIDD AND HIS SKELETON ISLAND." The Discovery of a Strange Secret Hidden for 266 Years. By Harold T. Wilkins, author of "Modern Buried Treasure Hunting," etc. With twenty-six Illustrations (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Wilkins is not one of those authors who explain precisely in a preface the scope and main points of his book. Instead he merely throws out some veiled hints of what the reader may expect from a diligent perusal of the subsequent pages. As a busy man, I generally find the method distinctly annoying, but in this case I was sufficiently intrigued to follow up the various clues provided in the index and also in the excellent illustrations, and I must say that I found the quest well worth while.

As I see it, there are three main zones of interest—first, the question whether Kidd's trial and execution was a miscarriage of justice; second, the mystery of the dark period in his career; and third, above all, the exciting

title) naturally contains much about insects, that subject by no means monopolises the interest. It is, in fact, not a scientific record, but a chronicle of travel with vivid descriptions of the country and its people.

Our readers will be particularly interested in the chapters relating to Mr. Jack Hides, whose discovery of a new light-skinned tribe in Papua was recently illustrated in our pages. Miss Cheeseman received much help from him, and gives a dramatic account of an expedition he made, while she was there, to round up native murderers in an unknown and uncontrolled district inhabited by a cannibal tribe. There was a brisk fight during the proceedings. The author makes valuable comments on colonial administration among primitive people, and also on the vexed question of the position of white women in such regions, with some salutary advice to them regarding their behaviour towards native servants or neighbours.

I have gradually accumulated sundry books concerning various phases of crime. The list is headed by a notable historical memoir, recommended by the Book Society—"THE ANGEL OF THE ASSASSINATION." A Study of Three Disciples of Jean-Jacques Rousseau (Marie-Charlotte de Corday, Jean-Paul Marat, and Jean-Adam Lux). By Joseph Shearing. Illustrated (Heinemann; 9s.). What was perhaps the most idealistic crime in history is here placed in its due historical setting, while its origin and effects are described with great literary skill. Political crimes of a much more revolting type—the assassination of King Carlos of Portugal and the attempt on King Alfonso and Queen Ena at their wedding—are the chief among many thrilling items in a volume of reminiscences entitled "I GUARDED KINGS." The Memoirs of a Political Police Officer. By ex-Detective Inspector Harold Brust,



THE TUDOR WALL-PAINTING DISCOVERED IN A SOUTH MIMMS FARMHOUSE: AMAZINGLY WELL-PRESERVED PANELS DEPICTING THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON. A wall-painting of the story of the Prodigal Son, probably of Elizabethan date, has come to light at Knightsland Farm, which lies between Barnet and South Mimms. The colours of the painting are in a wonderfully fresh condition. One panel (the first) was destroyed at some time and the fifth was cut into to make way for a door. The characters are in Tudor costume. The Prodigal

handled numerous despatches. The short introductory note by Mr. A. W. Lawrence, though not unduly enthusiastic, says all that is necessary by way of commendation.

Several of our best critics, though fully appreciative of Lawrence's genius, find fault with his translation of the *Odyssey* for inequalities of style and occasionally inappropriate diction, especially for discordant phrases typical of modern journalese. Mr. Robinson mentions that the translation was begun at odd times during Lawrence's service in the R.A.F., partly in India, and that when he was first invited by an American publisher to undertake the task "he felt it was too high an honour," and stipulated that his connection with the translation should not be disclosed. Later, we learn, when against his wishes the secret of his authorship was revealed, "in his disgust he nearly gave up the work."

I should say that the projection (or, rather, retrojection) of modern idiom and ideas into antique subjects is rather typical of our time. Mr. Shaw's "St. Joan" jumps to mind as an example. I have recently observed something of the same sort in the work of a well-known modern poet, "MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL." By T. S. Eliot (Faber; 5s.). The anachronism of current language and allusions not only pervades apologetic speeches (in up-to-date and partly facetious platform prose) put into the mouths of the four knights after they had killed Becket at Canterbury, but occurs also in the body of the poem. Thus one of four tempters whom the poet imports into the story says to the Archbishop—

Man's life is a cheat and a disappointment;
All things are unreal,
Unreal or disappointing:
The Catherine wheel, the pantomime cat,
The prizes given at the children's party,
The prize awarded for the English Essay,
The scholar's degree, the statesman's decoration.

I amused myself a few weeks ago by reading Mr. Eliot's verse-drama in conjunction with Tennyson's play,

discoveries of his various charts of an island containing buried treasure. If Mr. Wilkins does not completely whitewash the unfortunate Captain, he shows, at any rate, that in many respects his trial was unfair and that evidence was suppressed. Kidd, it may be recalled, was commissioned by William III., in 1625, to command a ship against pirates, but was afterwards accused of turning pirate himself, and in particular of robbing subjects of the Great Mogul, who threatened to drive "John Company" out of India unless the pirates were hanged. Mr. Wilkins, therefore, concludes that Kidd "died to save India for the British Empire."

Regarding the buried treasure motive, it should be added that a friend of the author's, a collector of piratical antiques, seems to have had extraordinary luck in picking up five sea-chests that belonged to Kidd, several with secret receptacles containing maps of the mysterious island. Concerning one we read: "It might well have formed the original of the delightful chart which R. L. S. and his young relative, Lloyd Osborne, drew and faked for 'Treasure Island.'" It is doubtful whether Kidd himself ever visited the island, or whether he obtained knowledge thereof from some dying buccaneer during his "dark period." Altogether it is hardly surprising that the author withholds the island's name and locality, and that he hopes to visit it shortly on a treasure-hunting expedition.

Another notable contribution to insular literature, concerning an island lately in the limelight of publicity, is "THE TWO ROADS OF PAPUA." By Evelyn Cheeseman, F.R.E.S., F.Z.S. With fifty-one Illustrations (Jarrold; 18s.). In her adventurous journeys, the author was accompanied only by savages whose traditional sport had formerly been collecting human heads. She was not in search of buried treasure, but was out to collect for our national museums specimens from that part of nature's treasure-house represented by the world of insects. She is, in fact, a well-known entomologist, and she journeyed for over a year in some of the wilder parts of Papua. Although her book (which might have had a more exciting

Son is seen wasting his substance in riotous living while his landlady makes up the reckoning. Above, in the same panel, the woman is seen driving him from her doors. Next the Prodigal offers himself for hire. The third existent panel shows his meeting with his father. In the fourth can be made out the killing of the fatted calf. Each centre panel, it should be noted, is over three feet in width.

late Special Branch, Scotland Yard. With Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Sir Ian Macpherson, Bt., and eighteen Illustrations (Stanley Paul; 15s.). During the late Lord Balfour's mission to the United States during the war, by the way, Mr. Brust discovered the interesting fact that this highly cultured statesman improved his leisure moments by reading detective stories.

Another eminent "sleuth" has recorded his experiences of hunting law-breakers in "CRIME WITHIN THE SQUARE MILE." The History of Crime in the City of London. By ex-Chief Detective-Inspector Ernest Nicholls, for over Thirty-four Years a City Police Detective. Profusely Illustrated (John Long; 18s.). With these books may be conveniently bracketed two companion volumes, full of matter for the criminologist—"ROGUES' MARCH." By George Dilnot (Bles; 10s. 6d.); and "CONTINENTAL CRIMES." By E. Liebermann von Sonnenberg and O. Trettin. Foreword by George Dilnot. Illustrated (Bles; 10s. 6d.). Here the scene is Germany.

It is refreshing to turn from the gruesome incidents of homicide to one of the most celebrated of *causes célèbres* connected with the British peerage, fully recorded in "THE DRUCE-PORTLAND CASE." By Theodore Besterman. Illustrated (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.). This volume, like the memoir of Charlotte Corday, has the imprimatur of the Book Society. It also possesses the distinction of a frontispiece reproduced from a contemporary number of *The Illustrated London News*.

Finally, I may mention that yet another series devoted to notorious crimes has appeared on the market, namely, *The Rogues' Gallery*. The two items which have reached me are "DOCTOR CRIPPEN." By Max Constantine-Quinn; and "MADELEINE SMITH." By Geoffrey L. Butler (Duckworth; 3s. 6d. each). Of the last-named work the most interesting part is the story of Madeleine's long life after the verdict of "Not Proven," and of her association, through marriage, with the art movement of William Morris.

C. E. B.

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IT seems so simple a matter, so much a part of the ordinary routine of life, to identify the various woods which have been used for furniture in the past, that an article on the subject might appear at first sight a mere waste of time. We all know—or think we know—what oak and walnut and mahogany look like, and we are quite sure that their differences are not to be described in words: one can write down the words, but those words will not enable us to form an exact visual impression; only our eyes can give us a proper definition. Actually, we can deceive ourselves quite easily, and the more cocksure we are, the more likely we are to go astray. Walnut, for example, can look wonderfully like mahogany. I have just now come from looking over a large collection of furniture in which I saw what was obviously a little mahogany tripod table. But it was *not* mahogany: the top was walnut and the pedestal rose-wood; and another pedestal anyone would, at a



2. A PARTICULARLY FINE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MARQUETRY: A LOUIS XVI. BUREAU (SEEN FROM THE SIDE) EXHIBITING THE MOST ELABORATE INLAID DESIGN.

casual glance, label walnut, was, on a closer examination, undoubtedly elm.

The distinction for most people is no doubt a trifle academic; if you are furnishing a room, it does not matter as long as the form, colour, and workmanship are to your taste. But there is a good deal of quiet fun to be extracted from a careful examination of numerous pieces when one looks at them from this point of view, and if you happen to possess an inquisitive mind, you will discover that you are soon sailing away on almost uncharted seas. I am inclined to believe that only a cabinet-maker who has had long experience at the bench is really competent to give an opinion upon wood as such, and then only if he has habitually handled the most varied kinds; and even he will find some brother expert who will disagree with him on certain points. Certainly, if he has spent years planing and cutting, he should have the "feel" of the various kinds of wood firmly fixed in his mind to a degree which we others will never reach. I am all for confessing abject ignorance on occasion, and invite all and sundry to answer for themselves the following questions—

(1) Do you recognise mulberry wood easily? I think I do, and I believe the bureau of Fig. 1 is made

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE WOODS USED IN OLD FURNITURE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

of this rare wood. Most people seem to agree with me, but I should be sorry to defend my opinion in a law-court—counsel would soon find that I had more obstinate prejudice on the point than genuine knowledge.

(2) Can you distinguish easily between amboyna and thuja wood? The latter belongs to the cypress family, comes mostly from Morocco and Algeria, and was much used by the Romans. The former derives its name from an island in the Moluccas. Both are a pleasant chestnut brown (thuya is, perhaps, a trifle redder), and both covered with spots and mottles. They are often found in eighteenth-century furniture. In thuja the spots are usually grouped in clusters and not evenly distributed.

(3) In seeing such a piece as that shown in part in Figs. 2 and 3, can you easily decide what woods have been used for the elaborate inlay?

Perhaps I ought to suggest at this point that a visit to Kew, though valuable, is not sufficient when one is trying to come to a decision about a piece which is more than a century old; one has to take into consideration not merely the markings, but the colour, and endeavour to make an accurate guess as to the effect of a hundred years of polishing and use upon the outward appearance. One can't open a penknife and investigate a fine piece of marquetry by that effective but summary method. Indeed, once or twice I have found myself in sympathy with the famous dealer who, cross-examined with what he thought was over-insistence as to the exact definition of the wood of a certain bureau, irritably answered: "Big-tree wood, Sir—big-tree wood!"

In common with many people of my acquaintance, I could fill several pages of this paper with questions similar to the above, which are not so easy to answer as they seem. What the public would enjoy, it seems to me, is a special exhibition arranged from this point of view, containing furniture made of as varied a number of different woods as could be found. If the leading members of the trade in London put their heads together, they could stage a wonderfully informative show of this character, ranging from simple country-made pieces of yew and elm, to the most elaborate and distinguished examples of French cabinet-work, such as the example shown in Figs. 2 and 3.

It is, of course, rather hopeless in a photograph to present the gradations of colour found in woods of different kinds and of different ages, much less their individual texture. The marquetry illustrated in these two photographs is composed, among other woods, of tulip-wood, kingwood, box, and sycamore.

Here is a brief indication of other minor puzzles. Plum was sometimes used up to about 1700 for English furniture, and is dark red, like mahogany. Country-made chairs are often of plane, which is not very different from beech. Padouk, imported from Burma in the early eighteenth century, is very similar to rosewood. Another reddish wood is prince-wood

and softer mahogany from Honduras, which did not come on the market till towards the end of the eighteenth century? Still more difficult is the distinction between the West Indian satinwood and that from the East.



1. AN INSTANCE OF THE USE OF MULBERRY, A RARE WOOD, IN CABINET-MAKING: AN OLD ENGLISH BUREAU, IN WHICH THE BEAUTIFUL PATTERN IN THE WOOD HAS BEEN GIVEN ITS FULL VALUE.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons.

Indies. No doubt a forestry expert would know if he had a freshly cut plank before him, but would he be sure if he was confronted with a Sheraton satinwood sideboard of about 1790?; and would he remember that at this period certain cuts of chestnut were used to imitate satinwood? How many of us recognise dogwood, whose sapwood is yellow and heart red, and which was used for inlay? And are we always certain that what we believe to be yellowish-green olive-wood is not sometimes yew or walnut? There is a red-spotted wood used occasionally as inlay in the seventeenth, and veneer in the eighteenth, century which not many know for what it actually is—snakewood from Guiana, known also as leopard-wood. By the way, rose-wood has nothing to do with roses, but derived its name from its fragrant odour. Is it worth remembering, too, that ebony is not always ebony—holly is often stained black, and is an efficient substitute for inlay. I dare say a good deal of the early inlay on oak pieces—black and white chequer pattern—was produced in this way.

These are a few of the pretty little problems a brief review of the subject brings to mind. People often tell me that every-



3. FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MARQUETRY AT ITS FINEST: THE SAME LOUIS XVI. BUREAU SEEN FROM THE FRONT WITH THE LID LIFTED, EXHIBITING CHARMING LANDSCAPES MADE UP OF INLAID WOODS.

(popularly known as Spanish elm), from the West Indies. Who of us can tell at a glance whether a mahogany piece is of the finest Spanish mahogany—i.e., from the West Indies—or of the rather lighter

thing that can be discovered about English and Continental furniture has been the subject of investigation years ago. I believe that this particular aspect of the subject still awaits a scientific examination.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

THE dominant event in Arabella Mortimer's life was her acquisition of White Ladies, a manor house of long-neglected loveliness. It is Francis Brett Young's devotion to Worcestershire that shines through the fascination of the old house. Arabella's tenacity of purpose, and something of her triumph in its gratification, had been handed down to her by the earlier Mortimers and Tinsleys, who had hammered open the gates of fortune with their rough fists. The Hay-screech valley they transformed from a marshy solitude haunted by snipe and bittern into brick-fields, coal-pits, and reeking ironworks was destined to provide the means for reviving the decaying White Ladies. Which was one of Time's revenges.

The fortune Jasper Mortimer had taken the road to seek in eighteen-fifty came to Arabella unexpectedly. Possibly, if she had married her first love when she was a poor governess (she had a touch of the Brontë governesses about her), her powers would have spent themselves in another direction. But Henry was her employers' son, and they dismissed her summarily for daring to fall in love with him. 'White Ladies caught her on the rebound. It swept her off her feet: she was a newly-made heiress, and she had always been headstrong, with a passion for material rather than imaginative possession. She tracked down the owner, and, since there was no other way, circumvented his refusal to sell the property by marrying him. Where the end leaves her we will not say. Her history is beautifully related, and with all Mr. Brett Young's awareness of human striving, and of Arabella's passion for a gem of Tudor architecture set delicately in the country he knows so well.

"Not in a Day or Seven," by George Albee, is as explicit as "White Ladies" in its portraiture of a determined woman. Judged by get-rich-quick standards, Claudine Witter was a success, even as success is measured in United States big business. Actually she was an inhuman creature, who stuck at nothing, cheating the unworldly inventor, stamping the widow and orphan, promoting fraudulent companies, and applying the marital thumbscrew to her unhappy husband. She looks like a composite picture of the more spectacular and unscrupulous American money-getters. The drive of her predatory career is tremendous, and though one recoils from Claudine, "Not in a Day or Seven" is much too vigorous to leave half-read.

Polycarp, in Victor Canning's "Polycarp's Progress," is a gentle mortal by comparison with the tempestuous Arabella and the vampirical Mrs. Witter. He pursued ideals that were never wholly acquisitive or mercenary. At twenty-one, a light-hearted youth, he began his erratic ventures. He was definitely kind, so much so that his success in the newspaper world was precipitated by revolt

against the cruelty of a man he found to be letting down the workers for a fine old weekly. It is significant that Polycarp's luck had its foundations in his gift for friendship. He comes through as a lively and lovable being. The book has some sadness, but with it a happy wit, and a most attractive sense of movement and genial colour. To turn from it to "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?", by Horace McCoy, is to plunge from sunlight into the infernal regions. It is another of those devastating studies that frame an author's bitter comment on the prospects of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for the underdog in our civilisation. Mercifully, Mr. McCoy has been brief. The tragedy of Gloria and Robert Sylverton, who shot her, is soon read through, but not so soon dismissed from mind. They shoot horses, don't they? To put them out of their pain. "I was her friend, her very best friend. She did not die in agony. She was relaxed and smiling. . . . It was the first time I had ever seen her smile." Those were Sylverton's thoughts while the judge and jury and the prosecuting attorney, with a single mind, were sending him to the electric chair. He and Gloria were human scrap from the Hollywood rubbish-heap. They had danced until she collapsed, in a marathon, for a month, with a roomful of other wretches; a spectacle to attract the public, and a performance as near to dancing on the lid of the pit as imagination can conceive. This is a terrible story, terribly well told.

Ann Bridge breaks fresh ground with "Illyrian Spring." A still young and charming mother is discovered taking flight from her grown-up children and her husband. They had valued her too lightly. She was equally in flight from herself, though that she only realised to the full after her nerves had steadied themselves. A sensitive woman, and an artist of some distinction, Grace Kilmichael had felt the affectionate mockery of her family more wounding than real unkindness. They had laughed at her characteristic phrases—"It's all very difficult," for example—that they quoted at her whenever she displayed any irresolution. She recovered her poise and their respect in the course of rescuing a boy from his unhappiness, a boy who, like herself, was an artist all on edge and at odds with his people. That he fell in love with her was natural enough; that she, for a short time, was in love with him is not quite so convincing. The fascination of Mrs. Bridge's writing is strong, and she has created nothing better than these two engaging people, so perplexed and bruised at meeting, and so miraculously restored at parting. Moreover,

(Continued on page 412.)



THE MYSTERY OF A CURIOUS OLD SILVER BADGE: AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY RELIC BEARING THE BAFFLING LEGEND, "ST. STEPNEY" AND AN UNIDENTIFIED HEAD.

The above photograph has been sent to us with the suggestion that possibly some reader of "The Illustrated London News" may be able to throw light on the purpose of the badge and the meaning of the design. The hall-mark shows that it was made in London in 1815. It is 6½ in. high and 5½ in. wide, and it has four loops on the back.

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And he deaulieu proposed to Yours Treaulieu.

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Of Interest to Women.



A study in contrasts are the blouses pictured; they come from Liberty's, Regent Street. The one on the left is expressed in printed crêpe-de-Chine, has puff sleeves, and is enriched with smocking, while the other model, of the shirt character, is of heavy satin admirably tailored. A feature is made in these salons of shirt blouses in sungleam crêpe for 29s. 6d.; they are reinforced with revers.



FASHION is in a very catholic mood this autumn, and allows women to express their individuality. The length of the skirt is regulated by the silhouette of the wearer. The ensemble in tweeds, wool marocains, and similar materials has its rôle to play. The evening dress seldom stands alone, it must, as heretofore, have its own particular coatee or wraplet. Draperies are of absorbing interest. Perhaps the most becoming are those that are folded over the hips and merge into graceful trains at the back. Floating panels spring from the shoulder, and are lined with a contrasting colour and material. A strong point in their favour is that they may be crossed over at the back, subsequently being adjusted to form a capelet. Many informal dinner dresses have the neck line cut square back and front, with long tight-fitting slashed sleeves.



Warmly to be congratulated are Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, on the outfits for golf enthusiasts pictured. They are both six guineas, the coats are four guineas, and the skirts two, and are available separately. The latter is made of plaid tweed, the suede coats being faced with it. They are available in many colour schemes.



It is at Elvery's, too, that the ideal Scotch rubberised waterproofs may be seen. They are five guineas. The skirt portions are cut full, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Mackintoshes for the fashionable races are well represented, perhaps the smartest are those with white grounds and black "knitting" needle checks. There are others with black grounds and white checks. A novelty is the embossed Motoluxe coats.



Women who are worried regarding their maternity outfits should write to The Treasure Cot, 103, Regent Street, for their catalogue. All problems are satisfactorily solved therein. Above is a simple suit for £5 5s. It is of a new wool material, trimmed with dyed squirrel. It is so cut that the long fashion lines cannot be distorted, however much the figure may change. Maternity corsets are very important, and here they are available for 14s. 6d., reliable clip-on suspenders being 1s. 6d. extra.

A toll has been levied on marocain in various colours for the maternity ensemble above, and the cost is merely three and a half guineas. In the picture, the dress has sleeves, and, while the coat is innocent of them, this order of things may be reversed. There are printed artificial marocain dresses with half hand-kerchief revers outlined with frills for forty-seven shillings and elevenpence. They represent unique value.



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

(Continued from Page 408)

her word-pictures of the Dalmatian coast are exquisite—even as lovely as those she has painted in preceding books of the *Forbidden City*.

"Full House," by M. J. Farrell, also deals with a family problem. Love-stories told with just the freshness of this one are irresistible; an exact understanding of the very young lover is not too common. Julian and Eliza, between whom—as they thought—a dreadful barrier was raised, knew the extremes of rapture and misery. They were not the only members of the family who were penned behind the iron bars of circumstance. There was John, tormented in the aftermath of a mental breakdown; and there was the grotesque little governess, who moves one to compassion rather than laughter. But this is an Irish story, and the hard streak in the Irish nature is as cleverly defined as its sweeter moods. "Full House" is admirable. It is one of the best novels of the year.

There is always distinction in Ronald Fraser's work. He creates unusual people who are extraordinarily alive. He opens and unfolds his narrative with the ease springing from a high level of craftsmanship. And when he writes about the Latin races, it is with the air of a man to whom their secret hearts lie open. Moreover, his gift of description, particularly of exotic landscape, is inexhaustible. "Surprising Results" is staged in Cassis. The English in it run to freakishness and silliness, as is the custom of the English when drunk with sun and sea. Victor and Jeanne, who were native to the soil, were histrionic, but their tragic conflict is genuine. As for the surroundings of these dramatic occasions, Cassis by night and day is drawn with a magic pencil, and the observations of the botanist-philosopher who is the spectator reflect the fertile originality of Mr. Fraser's genius.

Netta Syrett's new novel, "Linda," should be popular with the people who prefer plain sailing to meteoric flights. It is good sound fiction, a throw-back to the Victorians who soberly constructed plot and characters. Linda was the unwanted child of upper-class parentage, brought up by a respectable shopkeeper and his wife with their own children. She inherited a stormy spirit, and her life was a rough passage between leaving the good foster-parents and finding harbour in a blissful marriage. The hand of a practised story-teller has executed this book, and its direct address is good to meet.

We have been waiting for Mary Lutyens's new book. Here it is—"Perchance to Dream." It is a sally into the private lives of people who mostly spend their time avoiding privacy. It holds up the mirror to a certain section of post-war society, and it records the intense experiences of an emotional woman. Unfortunately, and because it is written in the first person, Laura Sverrild's continuous revelation of herself is satiating. Which is really very sad,

seeing how the wit that salted "Forthcoming Marriages" likewise seasons "Perchance to Dream," and that both dialogue and situations are often brilliant.

"The Casket of Tears," by Edward Hadwen, begins with an encounter in a night club, a telling bit of business. It keeps a fairly steady course in the first part of the Ashurst papers, where it promises well. After that, Mr. Hadwen plunges headlong into melodrama, and hurls his characters into a whirlpool of intrigue, where incredibly sensational developments eventuate.

Nothing could be less like average crime and orthodox methods of detection than the things that happen in "Keep Away from Water," by Alice Campbell, and "A Girl Died Laughing," by Viola Paradise. But when these expert ladies devise the most audacious plots, they tape their clues so adroitly that they disarm criticism.

Mrs. Campbell's heroine was engaged as companion to a nice old lady who was being threatened with murder by an anonymous correspondent. Miss Venables knew Sarah MacNeil was the sort of person to suit her the moment they met. So she was, a young woman not at all scared by the chances of violent death overtaking her employer, and oblivious to the danger she was incurring herself by standing in the path of the assassin. Miss Paradise's Sheridan Dinard heard a girl's musical laugh through the closed door of a flat as he was passing: the laugh stopped in the middle because, as the title lets you know, the girl died laughing. It looked bad for Sheridan, and for more reasons than his hazing by a bull-necked New York policeman who wanted blood. Both these books are thrillers of the first water.

"The House of Wraith," by Edward J. Millward, has its weak patches; far too many escapes from the gangsters' clutches by the intrepid hero is one of them. Otherwise, it is moderately good. This is the second time in a few months that an extra corpse has turned up in a newly-made grave. Churchyards might well be given a holiday in detective fiction.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

White Ladies. By F. Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.)
Not in a Day or Seven. By George Albee. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)
Polycarp's Progress. By Victor Canning. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
They Shoot Horses, Don't They? By Horace McCoy. (Barker; 6s.)
Illyrian Spring. By Ann Bridge. (Challo and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
Full House. By M. J. Farrell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Surprising Results. By Ronald Fraser. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
Linda. By Netta Syrett. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
Perchance to Dream. By Mary Lutyens. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)
The Casket of Tears. By Edward Hadwen. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
Keep Away from Water. By Alice Campbell. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
A Girl Died Laughing. By Viola Paradise. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The House of Wraith. By Edward J. Millward. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

MOTORISTS are promised "permanently silent coach-work" on the new 10-h.p. Hillman Minx, announced on Aug. 28 at a luncheon given by the directors of the Hillman Motor Car Company, Ltd., at the Dorchester Hotel. Its massive door-hinges, extra stiffened frame, and general sturdy construction prevent door rattle and other squeaks developing. Excellent as these Minx cars always have been, the 1936 model is even better in its equipment and general features. The absence of the running-board gives extra width in its seats. Wide doors and ample head-room, combined with all persons sitting between the rear and front axles, add greatly to comfort. The front wings protect the "easy to clean" steel wheels and prevent mud being spattered all over the coachwork, yet changing a wheel is as easy as before. The "clean" appearance of its lines gives that look of speed which this car possesses with its present engine, as the motor now develops a few extra "horses." Also the streamline exterior no doubt helps to give this effect.

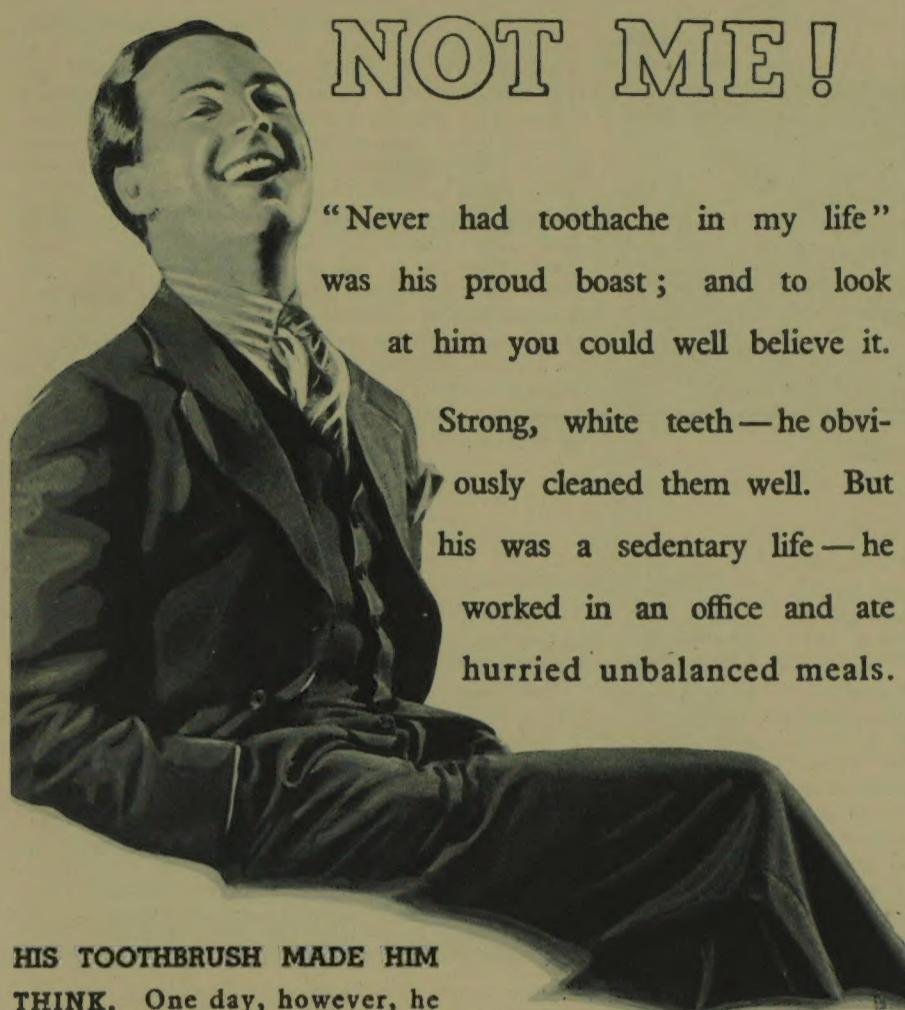
I have always held that the Hillman Minx is the roomiest 10-h.p. car on the market. The new model still keeps in that leading position. In fact, it is quite a big car nowadays, both in looks and in comfort for its users. Giant low-pressure tyres further help to smooth its travelling. A large shelf behind the back cushions will be appreciated by women for their parcels or extra cushions. The sloping floor without wells gives a pleasant position for the feet of the rear passengers. Luggage is carried in a deep locker behind the squab of the back seat. The rear cushion is hinged at the bottom, so when pulled down discloses space for four full-sized suit-cases and other packages. Better safety is provided by the readjustment of springs and balance, the former automatically adjusting themselves according to conditions, and the windscreen can now be opened wider, so that the driver has a full and clear vision under it when driving in fog. As most cars which carry Lucas electrical accessories possess, the speedometer has a warning red line at 30 m.p.h., and all instruments are easily read. No change has been made in the price of the Minx saloon, but the de luxe model has been reduced to £175 from £179 charged for the 1935 series. The extra power in the engine has been developed by a new head and induction system, down-draught carburettor, and steel-backed main bearings. This has added smoothness and more flexible running. Also with the exhaust now better silenced, the new Hillman Minx can claim to be a very quiet-running yet speedy car, so as to deserve high praise for its designers. "Performance without fuss" is its slogan, and one can add "with high comfort, too."



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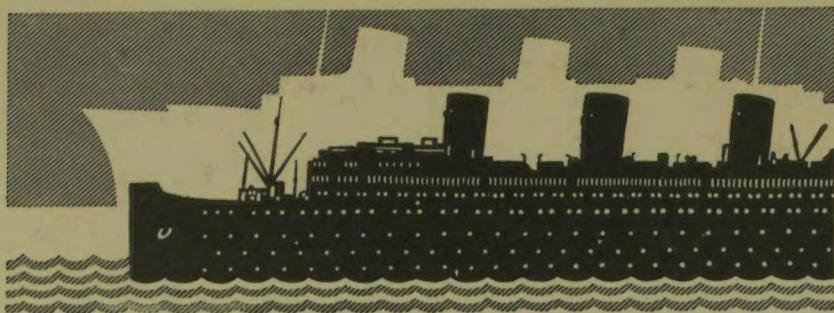
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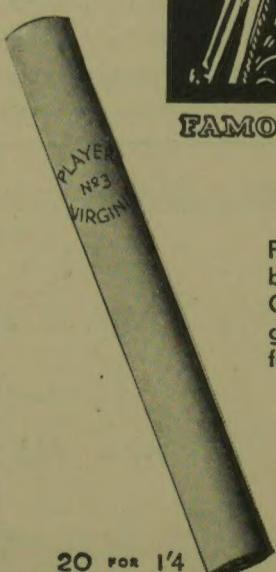
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